



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 31 – Number 12

April 2014

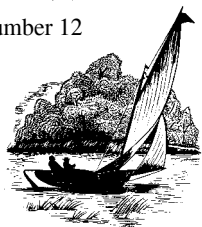
**Special Features This Issue**  
Scouting the Bayou – Adventures in a Naval Wherry  
The Most Interesting Voyage in Wales  
Jagular Gets Rescued – Joy of Sharpies- Moondance  
The First American Ship – Best Case Scenario  
A Model Yachting Life



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## On the Cover...

"So, what did you do last winter?" one might be asked now that spring has arrived. "Worked in my shop," would be the answer for some of us. Reader Richard Honan is one who has been sharing his winter shop time with us in recent issues as he moves ahead with his melonseed project, caught on camera by his daughter.

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, April 2014



## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

Can winter at last be over as you read this around April 1? It's been a severe one according to all reports eagerly brought to us night after night on the TV news. For us here on the Massachusetts North Shore it hasn't been so bad as we watched storm after storm pass us by to our south, hitting the mid Atlantic states and even Atlanta with serious snow and ice conditions. Worse yet has been the Midwest where all that Canadian cold air sweeps down bringing sub zero temperatures day after day after day along with the expected snow.

With no illusions about getting outside much this winter, it's been a good winter to be in the shop with projects at hand. As near as I can tell, from what we hear only Florida has enjoyed nice outdoor weather and ongoing on the water activity. Despite this, Tiki Hut proprietor Dave Lucas and his boat bum (his term) companions still spend time in their open air shop working on boats while expressing amazement at how most of us up here in "almost Canada" (another of Dave's terms) accept what he views as appalling conditions for anyone who messes about in boats.

Well I, for one, find the change of seasons and their resulting influence on what I do with my time appealing as I move from activity to activity with the succeeding seasons. I can ride my recumbent pedal trike and motorcycles from April through November, eight months out of the year. I can paddle my kayak from May through October, six months out of the year. As I do not choose to paddle when the water temperature is too cold (under 60° or so) to accidentally fall into, my paddling season is a bit shorter than my riding season.

So I am pretty much indoors for only four months, which I consider to be a respite from the multitude of activities the outdoor season offers, along with all the outdoor property maintenance that goes away when winter comes. Winter here really stops Mother Nature in her tracks for about four months, relieving me of onerous outdoor tasks trying to keep up with her efforts.

So winter shop time is a wonderful alternative, working on whatever projects I have in hand and not being distracted with ideas about having to go for a ride or a paddle. With a fire going in the shop woodstove I can tinker away unhurriedly in comfort and view the winter outside, smugly content.

Heat is, of course, important and I continue to wonder why some who wish to work in their shops do not have it. Some reports we get on projects come to a pause when "it was now too cold to glue" or other rationales for giving up until warmer weather returns. Here is all this time for indoor fun in the shop going to waste for lack of heat.

My shop is on the south side of our barn and opens directly, through a set of old cast-off French doors, into a two story lean to greenhouse (built in 1985 for Jane's 20 year adventure in greenhouse operations) which generates an amazing amount of solar heat. On sunny January and February days when it was 0° outside at dawn, by 11am the shop was up to 50°, quite comfortable to work in (up to 80° in the greenhouse itself). On cloudy days I fire up the wood stove and burn all the odd wood acquired over the years from long ago boat building projects or castoff furniture from our extended family or pallets acquired from the local hardware store when they put them out for scavengers like me to carry away. For short term heat (an hour or two) I can light off a 20,000btu propane radiant heater sitting on a 20lb gas bottle. It'll never use up the oxygen in the drafty old barn shop in so short a time and do me in with carbon monoxide, despite what the safety fearmongers tell us.

I have friends with attached two car garages on their suburban homes who could easily open them up to some inside home heat by running an added hot air duct or hot water radiator line into the garage (to be open or shut on demand) for a few hundred dollars and have a warm shop. Apparently this simple solution appears to be not so simple so they instead bring their motorcycles over to my shop on Saturday mornings. If their projects are of longer duration, their bikes go into our attached "carriage shed" until the next weekend, thus they are missing opportunities to spend evening hours during the week working on their bikes instead of watching sports on TV.

I have always been more of a mechanic than a woodworker so my shop (since 1956 or so) is a mechanic's shop with metal working tools (I worked in a machine shop for six years in my youth), metalworking lathe, drill press, bench grinder, wrenches, vises, etc. It is home to all my cycling (pedal and motor) project work and at 24' by 12' roomy enough for several at a time. Back when I was building and restoring my boats (1978-'98 or so) I had added a 24'x12' "boatshed on the north side (cold side!) of the barn high enough (14') to get a 25' keelboat into for winter work. It had a woodstove for heat but with all that height much of the heat went up under the roof and down on the dirt floor it was still frosty, so I had to use localized electric heaters at my work sites to get on with my winter's work.

Those days are long gone and today's boat projects can be nicely carried on in that greenhouse annex, smallish kayaks fit nicely up on the 4'x16' sectional bench left over from Jane's flower growing days. It's almost like being in Florida down at Dave's Tiki Hut!



## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman  
Constantwaterman.com

Woke several times last night and listened to the wind growling about Dutch Island. Daybreak found me a bit dazed and not very rested. I staggered up about 6:30 and did my chores in order to get underway. I need to obtain more chafing gear to obviate removing the anchor every time I moor.

The wind had died to 10 knots as I cast off, but NOAA still predicted 10 to 15 locally, gusting to 25. Out at Block Island would be a bit rougher than Narragansett Bay: 15 to 20, gusting to 28. That cheered me some, though the incoming tide, abetted by a westerly breeze, shoved three to four footers at me as I came past Beavertail. I could only hope that the wind would be a couple of points either way from westerly; otherwise I should need to tack out by Block Island before I could aim for Watch Hill.

In anticipation, I jiffy-reefed my main and flew no jib. If the wind proved lighter than forecast, I would hoist my smaller foresail. I gave Point Judith a generous berth before heading up to the west. I could point about 240°, but had to fall off a point to climb the swells. It was now past 11:00; the tide had changed and would ebb at me the entire afternoon. The wind piled up the chop as I headed out toward Block Island.

After an hour, I'd made scarcely any progress. As I bounced through five-footers, Point Judith Light remained abeam, two miles away. I started my motor. It proved rough enough that my prop came out of the water every few moments despite my outboard having an extra-long shaft. In order not to abuse my motor, I ran it at quarter throttle.

Unfortunately, the farther from shore I got, the rougher it got. Humping over a six-footer, I began to take green water over my bow. On the nearby horizon, I could see the seas cresting whitely. Block Island kept disappearing. "Well," I thought. "My options are these: to prove to myself I can beat myself up some more and tack farther out; to tack closer in and hope it isn't so lumpy; or to duck into Harbor of Refuge for a while, and wait till the seas abate."

This last option reeked of sanity, so I held it in reserve. However, I came about and headed toward shore. I had just passed the eastern breachway into the harbor, but thought I should try for the western. With set and drift, I'd be fortunate, in the next two miles, not to lose most of my progress. I opened my throttle another click and let my mainsail luff.

Conditions improved. The chop subsided to mostly four-footers as I passed the Harbor of Refuge. The wind seemed slightly less, about 15 knots. I clipped my safety harness to my mast and doused my main. I could head about 270°, but had to fall off to 300° in order not to pound. 270° was ideal: the Rhode Island shore runs truly east to west. But zagging 30° for the larger swells only slowed me down. I found that the tide and headwind sufficed to keep me offshore. At this point, I needed all the breaks I could get. I compromised and headed about 290°. My propeller ceased to come out of the water as long as I met the larger swells at an angle. I increased my throttle to about two thirds and shoved my way into the wind at about 3 knots.

My stomach, meanwhile, was far from entertained. Although I had my lunch basket in the cockpit, every time I opened it, my insides began to whimper. I kept myself amused with sips of water. The spray ran down my oilskins; my little motor whined. The sun came and went behind the sullen clouds. The afternoon proved vertical; my wishes horizontal. The monotony would have driven a sane man mad. Fortunately, that never posed a problem. I nearly dozed at the helm. I stood; I sat; I even sang aloud until the seagulls screamed in protest. There's only so much abuse a seagull can take.

Eventually, I traversed the 20 miles. I was hungry, exhausted, and weary from going up and down all day. Fishers Island Sound looked good to me. Despite the mild chop that caused more spray than I'd tasted all day, I knew in another hour I'd be on my mooring. The tide had abated; the sun was low; the clouds turned a lovely purple, rimmed with gold.

I entered West Cove and hastened to my mooring. As I rounded up to it, 30 yards away, I lost it in the sun. Suddenly, there it was, 5 yards away. I shifted into neutral, grabbed my boathook, and stumbled forward. Home at last.



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## You write to us about...

### Activities & Experiences...

#### Cedar Key in May

The small boat gathering at Cedar Key every year on the first weekend in May can be confusing to first timers. Since there's nothing planned and no one in charge, it may not make sense. Here's a brief look at what to expect.

Cedar Key is small, you can pretty much walk anywhere in town. When you come into town on the one and only road, take a brief tour to get the lay of the land. On the left you'll see the market to get food, snacks and stuff. They also have a deli that makes great subs, you can put your order in on Friday. Make sure you stop there before Saturday and get some for lunch on the island.

A couple of blocks on down the road ends at 1st St. Hang a left there and a right on the next road to go across the bridge. Island Place is on the right and you'll see a lot of boats pulled up on the beach there. A lot of canoes and kayaks will be on the grass all around the place.

Keep going across the bridge and down the street with all the restaurants and bars. You'll be tempted to come back to one later for dinner and drinks, we've all done it. Expect long waits, high prices and bad food. Do not go to one of these places for breakfast on Saturday morning unless you want to sit around and not get out on the water until noon. There'll be a hundred little boats all over the water between you and the island and you'll be sitting there waiting for your check.

Keep going on the road past the public launch ramp. This is a big, nice ramp and if you have a larger boat you'll need to use it. Most small boats can be launched off the

beach. When you get past the ramp go left on 1st and keep going down to the end and around the corner. You'll see the Faraway Inn's covered drinking area and the beach across the street. I usually launch off this beach and stay at the Faraway, be advised they are nasty about cars driving on the sand and grass. You'll see lots of boats anchored off this beach or pulled up on the grass.

Be very, very careful when walking in the water anywhere. There are big rocks and sticks and rusty boilers and who knows what all over the bottom, they are exposed at low tide but can get you when covered with water. We always wonder why someone doesn't clean these beaches up. Do the sting ray scuffle to avoid the rocks.

One year I found my little boat *Laylah* sitting right on top of a big rock after the tide had gone out. If I'm going to anchor out I take a big anchor with a buoy and find a good spot and leave the anchor in.

The Cedar Key B&B is behind the Faraway Inn, great breakfast. If you call the day ahead they may make breakfast for non-stayers. The Faraway is the place to be if you're a laid back rum drinking sailor man, but they book up early for this weekend.

Saturday is boating all day out on the big pencil factory island (it has a strange ass name) and the other smaller islands. It will be hot and sunny, you'll see covered shades, folding chairs the wise people brought. You'll walk up and down the beach looking at the boats, dozens of boats. Wives will be there being ignored by their men. If you have to pee go in the water, it's cool and clear.

That should do it, have fun and I'll see you there. The weather is always perfect, 80s and clear. There's a channel through the island if you can find it. I've sailed through with *Laylah*. The kayakers love to go through, bring bug juice.

David Lucas, Bradenton, FL, Skipjack@tampabay.rr.com



adult) is scheduled for April 5 and 6 with limited class size and pre registration needed. Under the direction of CBMM Boatyard Program Manager Jenn Kuhn, participants will learn to handcraft their own set of oars, which can be made for a specific vessel or used for decoration. It takes place in the museum's boatshop from 10am-4pm on both Saturday and Sunday and is \$60 for CBMM members and \$80 for non members, plus the cost of materials (approximately \$50, depending on oar dimensions). When registering, participants should specify what type of vessel the oars are for so proper dimensions can be determined. White pine will be provided unless another material is requested in advance. To register or for more information, contact Jenn Kuhn at (410) 745-4980 or afad@cbmm.org.



Five boater safety courses begin in April and continue through August. The courses will be held from 6-10pm each day on CBMM's campus on April 16-17, May 14-15, June 18-19, July 16-17 and August 13-14. The cost is \$25 per two evening session, with space limited and pre registration required. Any Maryland boater born after July 1, 1972, is required to have a Certificate of Boating Safety Education in order to operate a vessel. The course is also recommended for anyone looking to become a safer, more experienced boater. The certificate is obtained by passing a Department of Natural Resources approved boating safety course and is valid for life. Participants completing the course and passing the test will receive this Certificate. Early registration is recommended as classes fill fast. Contact Helen Van Fleet at (410) 745-4941.

### Adventures & Experiences...

#### Moorings and Runways

I sail and I fly. I do neither for money and seriously enjoy both. I sail from Manchester, Massachusetts, in a Haven 12 1/2 that



#### Coming Up at CBMM

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St Michaels, Maryland, is offering several early spring programs appealing to those of a traditional boat building persuasion.

A Friday Open Boatshop woodworking program began on March 7, continuing on April 18, May 9 and June 9. Participants can attend one session or all four with class size limited and pre registration needed. Members of the public are invited to CBMM's boatshop to work on small woodworking projects of their own or to bring ideas for a longer term project. Participants can expect to gain the advice and guidance of an experienced shipwright and woodworker, along

with assistance with CBMM's machinery and tools, plans, measurements and the execution of their small scale project. Projects can include plans for a small gift, frames, furniture, models, artwork and more. The program runs from 5:30-8:30pm and costs \$20 per session for CBMM members and \$30 per session for non members. Participants must be 16 or older unless accompanied by an adult. To register or for more information contact Boatyard Program Manager Jenn Kuhn at (410) 745-4980 or afad@cbmm.org.

A weekend oar making workshop for ages 16 and up (unless accompanied by an



I built. I fly a Cessna 172 from the airport in Beverly, Massachusetts.

Easily the most interesting time when either sailing or flying is returning to the mooring or runway. Often the act is the exclamation point to a successful venture. Sometimes it brings relief after a difficult outing. At times challenging, picking up the mooring and landing are never rote. Both require judgment and care.

The mooring buoy is a mostly stationary point on the surface of the water, in the harbor, in the ocean. The buoy moves around a bit according to the tide and wind. But it is always in place and readily accepts my bow when I approach.

The runway is a consistently stationary line on the land. It always accepts my wheels after my final approach and flare, though sometimes obstructions such as other aircraft or stray animals can delay a landing.

My mooring is close to the entrance of the harbor and is often subject to tidal currents. My boat does not have an engine. Before I set sail, I make sure to know when the tide will be changing. I need to know what sort of current to expect on my return.

Before flying I check the weather conditions to make sure the cloud ceiling is high enough for safe VFR flight. The airport has an automated weather observation radio service, and before beginning my landing procedures I listen to the current conditions.

As I enter the harbor, I note the wind's direction and velocity. I observe the position of other boats at mooring in the vicinity of my mooring. If the boats are laying every which way, I know that a tidal current conflicts with the wind. Conflicting wind and current can make for tricky mooring.

On final approach to the runway, I have listened to the weather service and I glance at the windsock on the field. I look for other clues, too, such as the rising smoke or steam from a nearby power plant. Of course, I always land into the wind, just as I do at the mooring.

As the mooring buoy slides along my starboard bow, I scamper forward and grab the stick with my right hand. With my left, I immediately free the halyards and drop the sails. The effect of depowering the boat is immediate. She stops in the water and I can secure the mooring pennant to the cleat on the foredeck.

As I flare the airplane just a few feet off the runway, my airspeed drops below stall and the wheels gently chirp on the asphalt. I reduce power to idle and gently brake before turning off onto a taxiway. Within minutes, I park and tie the plane down.

Returning to the mooring and landing on the runway give me the same satisfaction. Both require my attention and skill and both are fun. But when landing the plane, I do not have to concern myself with the tidal current.

John Fiske, Manchester, MA

## Information of Interest...

### All About SAILOR

As President of the Independence Seaport Museum, I am proud of everything we do to connect our community to the waterfront. Our SAILOR "STEAM" education initiative probably gives me the most personal satisfaction because it uses traditional boat building to enrich and empower young men and women at a critical time in their lives.

As a teenager, my interest in boats contributed more than anything else to guiding me on the path to a productive life. When

I talk about these years with sailors, model makers, maritime artists, professional and amateur boat builders, they all agree, exposure to boats at this impressionable age was a transformative experience. We need your support to expand SAILOR and serve more students.

SAILOR is not about getting students to follow a path of sailing or building boats professionally, though that would surely be a great career choice. It is about introducing them to a fresh way of looking at the world, showing them that they can build complex structures and become comfortable and confident on the water. These experiences build character for careers in business, technology, the arts or anything else a student might set his or her sights on.

In addition to bringing science and math to life, we are using boats, the romance of the sea and the sense of adventure rowing and sailing cultivate to teach kids about the many possibilities life has to offer. Our boat shop offers a diverse group of role models, including those who have built many boats or sailed the world as well as others who found a new passion during retirement.

The high school students who are building traditional skiffs in our boat shop gain not only book knowledge and respect for craftsmanship, they are also privileged to share in the transformative experience you and I took part in when a parent, grandparent or other mentor first helped us step over a gunwale or carefully showed us how to safely use a hand tool or build a ship model. While much of childhood fades with age, we have vivid memories of these first maritime experiences because they were important steps in becoming the men and women we are today. For more information contact: [mflynn@phillyseaport.org](mailto:mflynn@phillyseaport.org).

John Brady, Independence Seaport Museum, Philadelphia PA



### Gundalow News

We are happy to announce that we received a grant from the Dorr Foundation that will support our efforts to expand the curriculum of our onboard education program to meet the needs of middle and high school students. We also received a grant from the New Hampshire Charitable Foundation that will cover our costs to hire additional crew to operate the *Piscataqua* seven days a week this summer! Reservations for school groups are being taken daily.

I am reaching out to potential sponsors who make it possible for students to participate in our programs, regardless of their ability to pay our fee. We invite anyone who would like to sponsor a class with a contribution of \$500 to contact us.

We recently conducted a survey of all our 2013 passengers which resulted in great feedback!

We are also starting to book charters for the 2014 season. Here is a link to our new private charter brochure. If you are planning an special event, corporate outing or a family reunion, for more information call (603) 433-9505.

On these cold winter days a group of volunteers called the "Gundalow Guardians" have been keeping the vessels safe. When Capt Matt is away they brave the elements to come down to check on mooring lines, fenders, winter covers and bilge pumps, sometimes shoveling out after a storm.

Molly Bolster, Executive Director, The Gundalow Co, Portsmouth, NH



## Opinions...

### A Can of Worms

Methinks you have opened up a can of worms! You are trying to dice, splice and fine cut some careful definitions when you say that fishermen don't mess about. There are days when the fish are just not biting and the ability to mess about becomes important. Hobie, and many other kayak manufacturers, make small paddle boats that are specifically designed for fishing. No metalflake sparkle and no 200hp, but certainly fishing and messing about all in one. Not to mention the fly fishermen who motor to their favorite spots, then let the boat drift as they cast and cast and cast. I have seen fishermen who will bring along scantily clad females and a cooler of beer. Add in the hot weather and sunstroke effects and you can bet some messing about goes on in those boats.

I am certain it is permissible if you say that your magazine is not intended for fishermen. After all, fishermen have their own publications and TV shows. But to try and say that fishermen are not the type to mess about, well that may be just a little too much. It would not be surprising if a large number of your subscribers have wet a line now and then.

Kent Lacey, Captain Commanding, Steam Launch *Black Eagle*, [www.KentLacey.com](http://www.KentLacey.com)

**Editor Comments:** I did not say that fishermen do not mess about in boats, I said that the act of fishing is not messing about in boats in my view. A can of worms is an appropriate term in this instance...

## Projects...

### Great Lakes Boat Building School Apprentice to Restore Historic Fish Tug at the Michigan Maritime Museum

A grant from the Coastal Zone Management program will enable apprentice Kris Kindt from Holland, Michigan, to take a leading role in restoring the Michigan Maritime Museum's 1939 wooden gill net fish tug, the *Evelyn S*, which is located on the Museum's campus in South Haven. Beginning in



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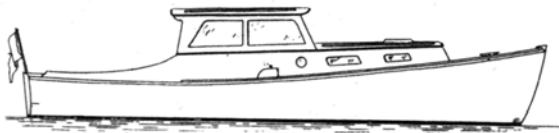
June, Kindt will begin work after graduating from the Great Lakes Boat Building School in Cedarville, Michigan, [www.glbbs.org](http://www.glbbs.org). He will be assisted by John Crisler, the Museum's Boat Shop director. Consultation will be provided by Pat Mahon, program director and marine surveyor, at the school.

The 33rd Classic Boat Show and Small Craft Festival at the Museum on Saturday, June 21 will be an opportunity to hear more about restoration of the fish tug and see the work in progress. The Boat Show provides an opportunity for traditional boat enthusiasts to show their craft and share their knowledge. More information and registration information is available on the Museum's website, [www.MichiganMaritimeMuseum.org](http://www.MichiganMaritimeMuseum.org).



## Hadden Boat Company

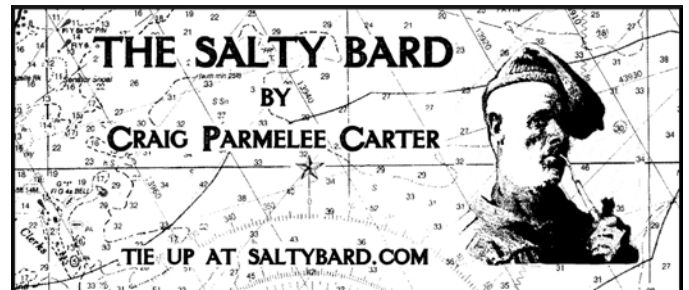
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## Breakfast With Bowditch

### Part II

I sat listening to Bowditch in the hours before dawn.  
He'd travelled far, he told me how he'd left Saskatchewan,  
in bitter cold and darkness with a blizzard on his tail.  
He drove a sled to Hudson Bay, from there he'd made the sail.

A thousand miles on the rhumb line, never wavered for a second.  
When he couldn't get a sun-sight he sailed on and just dead-reckoned.  
Made landfall in the dead of night, I assure you it's no fable.  
He sat before me drinking tea, right at my kitchen table!

We went from coastal piloting to lunar calculations,  
Of compasses and bearings and magnetic variations.  
The effects of winds and currents, the ebb and flow of tides,  
We studied charts and tables found in other published guides.

He spoke it all in layman's terms, I followed his instructions,  
By the time the sun came up I'd worked through sight reductions.  
The time had passed by quickly, it was quite an aberration.  
In the course of several hours I'd mastered navigation.

I pushed back from the table, got up to stretch my legs,  
said, "you surely must be hungry, mate, why don't I fry some eggs."  
I sensed a hesitation as he went a little flush,  
"I'm tempted by your offer, sir, but I'd prefer a bowl of mush."

I asked him of his childhood; what had led him down this path.  
He'd gone to sea at twenty-one but was always good at math.  
He'd translated texts from Latin, even Newton's *Principia*,  
afinding flaws in the mathematics, he'd arrived at this idea.

Now I think I'm a good ship's captain; some say an old sea dog,  
but log, lead, and lookout couldn't save me in a fog.  
Takes a certain intuition - your ship can't lie adrift.  
Every sailor worth his salt knows Bowditch had this gift.

His work, although a masterpiece, to most remains a mystery.  
He went to sea at twenty-one, the rest they say is history.  
Navigation in the age of sail could be a guessing game.  
Bowditch took away the guesswork and became a household name.

Outside the wind was howling, a nor'easter coming fast.  
I asked him if he'd be my guest and stay until it past.  
I turned to clear the table and in that moment he was gone.  
I hollered out through the driving rain, "Mr. Bowditch, carry on."



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## Come aboard!

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The huge berg had now moved west past Niaquassaq Island and was heading out the fjord. As I explored this campsite on this northwest tip of Puguta Island I found it to be a very interesting area for geology, plants and many precariously poised glacial erratics everywhere, huge boulders perched on tiny pebbles. Several were poised right next to my tent and to take a picture I had to lie on my stomach to get their pictures. Sitting on the ground looking at little plants, I noticed that I could see right through beneath a huge boulder.

I found some interesting bits of red sandstone and a large area of brilliantly colored red orange pegmatitic white feldspar the same as I saw on the east side of Aappilattoq Island in 1992.



I looked at a tiny restricted bay to see what grew in its brackish water, as usual there were the regular seaweeds and intermixture of blue greens but the density showed how rich the water is in this region from glacial mineralogical and organic materials. This area supports a fishery of halibut and most recently brown crabs of very large size.



August 2, Tuesday, was putting kayak together, getting on the water and heading to a new campsite. Barometric pressure was 29.99" mercury, rising 0.1". It was sunny at 11:17am but I noticed that there were some clouds toward the southwest in the direction of Sanderson's Hope and Upernavik. A few cirrus clouds were overhead and it was bright. There was a light variable wind, which was so minimal that no waves were being generated. The huge jagged iceberg now to the

## Adventures in Greenland Paddling

### A Visit to Upernavik, Greenland Paddling on the Edges of and Crossing Upernavik Icefjord

By Gail Ferris  
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## Part 2

west a few miles away had broken apart extensively overnight, sounding like cannons and thunder. These sounds throughout the night made me think, in my half awake moments, that there was a thundershower coming in, causing me to wonder, "why is there no wind" if a thundershower is so close?

Assessing my equipment: My REI Gore-Tex/Urethane coated nylon bivi bag I have owned since 1980 has started losing the urethane waterproof layer on the bottom. The Gore-Tex upper layer is still fine and perfectly waterproof, which is a fine testimonial to its good quality. My old LL Bean sleeping bag designed for bicycling insulated with a thin layer of Thermoloft is still fine. I am sleeping with a space blanket and a Therm-a-rest pad on the ground and on top of my sleeping bag and Gore-Tex fabric on my bivi bag still expels moisture from my clothing and sleeping bag just fine.

This morning as I was assembling my kayak, I found the middle rib foldover clip that holds the coaming to the frame was broken, it actually was the aluminum rivet which was just too soft to take the stress. In 2007 the manufacturer, designer Long Haul, replaced all these aluminum clips with stainless and added a security fitting so that the clip cannot open under stress. Amongst an assortment of nylon fishing twine on the ground, left by other visitors, I found a perfect piece to mend the fitting, which subsequently held up for the entire trip. From my repair kit I used the small vise grips and Pak-Man needle nose pliers to repair one of the brass cylindrical chines that had become squashed out of round, rerounding the crushed cylinder using the rounded outsides of the needle nose pliers.

This would have not happened if I had been more careful about packing the parts, gathering likes with likes and tying them together protected by the channels in the side or stringers of the kayak frame. Deiter Stiller, who originally sold me my two Kleppers, said I should pack similar pieces together as a group so that they protect themselves from damage during shipping.



I had also forgotten that I needed the extra bungee line for the deck just in front of me to hold the chart/map case, binoculars and GPS, so I improvised with a short piece of extra bungee scrounged from a dry bag. I was careful to keep my binoculars readily available on deck for spotting rock ramps. Binoculars have always saved me miles of needless paddling and also grant me a safety margin by revealing to me situations such as wave conditions or availability of water that I cannot see from the cockpit of my kayak until I am right there.

I always keep an extra paddle within easy reach. Unfortunately this particular paddle does not have enough surface area to propel my loaded kayak in heavy wind situations, but it was better than nothing. I never paddle anywhere, even locally, without a spare paddle. The paddle on the ground is a Werner Wenatchee whitewater paddle set without feathering. The pogies on the take-apart shaft are homemade of urethane coated pack nylon.

The Ritchie compass on the deck actually did not work. I should have tested it before leaving. I did encounter a situation when I was paddling in fog when a functioning compass would have been very convenient. There is a possibility that it was seated directly over a stainless steel fitting and this would certainly hang it up. However, there are areas in Upernavik where the iron deposits on islands are dense enough to totally overwhelm the magnetic north function of the compass. The compass needle will just lead to these deposits. I saw one completely dark brown rusty iron deposit in a very narrow passage between Augmaussqarsuaq and Ugordlia Islands.

Note the coiled black and white deck line, this is polypropylene about 25' long specifically chosen because it floats. In the blue canvas bag is stowed a waterproof kite with strong string as an alternative source of propulsion should I not be able to paddle. Carrying a sail rig with all its parts is much too dif-

difficult to bother with. A kite works just as well and can be flown in a figure eight for propulsion other than downwind. Sailing a kayak in the arctic is a cold ordeal. A kite can also be used as a marker of my location which can be seen from far away.

A mirror, which I always carry in my lifejacket pocket, is handy for signaling distress by pointing it toward a boat or town where people might see it. Flares are visible for too short a time to be of practical use other than in an acute emergency last resort. If nobody happens to see me when I am trying to signal distress, what is the point?



On my stern deck were the solar panel and drybag filled with immediate use items. The elliptical shape is the stern deck loading port. I had both bow and stern loading ports located on the port or left side of the kayak because I am right handed. I find that I need these loading ports mounted on the same side, otherwise I can't relate to the kayak in terms of maintaining balance. A kayak loaded so that the bow is down takes requires effort to propel as the bow is plowing water.



Well, this actually happened on my first day on the water. Judging by the way my kayak was plowing the water, I realized that I had loaded it too heavy in the bow. Nothing like paddling a barge! However, this is very easy to accidentally do because the stow space below deck in the bow is so much larger than the stern. My heaviest bags usually are small ones filled with food. I think I might have put one in the bow. Next time I launch I will make it a point to put all of them into the stern.

I was able to load everything into my kayak even though I had the extra baggage of the canvas boat packing bags and my shoes/

snow sneakers. I was a little apprehensive as to whether I could actually fit all this stuff into the kayak because I usually would leave the packing bags and shoes in Upernavik, but it all worked out. It is amazing how much space there is inside a folding kayak and how much easier it is to take advantage of the space filling every nook and cranny when there are loading ports on the deck. My Klepper Aerius did not have loading ports and I really doubt if I could have fitted all these items inside and loading it was an exhausting task.

This is the first time in all my years of kayak paddling that I carried regular shoes with me. I did this because I wanted to have good solid shoes to walk around in and climb up and down rocks and slabs with. In these igneous areas of Greenland there is always plenty of granite slab walking. I decided that it was not a good idea for me to walk around with unsupported arches, especially when carrying heavy loads. I tried wearing fiberglass arch supports in my kayak booties, however, these made my booties feel too tight so I never used them. I discovered my problem was fallen arches and that I should attach some old soles from my boots I always wear to my foot pedals because my feet are accustomed to them.

I had gotten my weight down to 180lbs and a diet of soy protein drink sweetened with fructose, soy powder, sunflower seeds, sesame seeds and yeast extract with occasional Gatorade is working very well.

As I put on my drysuit I found that I had forgotten to smooth the layers of clothing down my back and waist out and carefully tucking all those layers, along with my jacket, inside of my pants before pulling the suit up. That would have made pulling my drysuit above my waist much easier and I would have been more comfortable. My Kokotat drysuit was just as comfortable and as flexible as ever.

On my feet I wore just a simple pair of nylon socks. My drysuit Goretex booties kept my feet dry and perfectly warm. I was not expecting that such a thin layer of insulation to be sufficient. I had brought other socks but I found that they were less comfortable than ordinary nylon socks. My paddling booties were Ronstan GL-63 with zippers up the inside of my ankles and no Velcro cross the ankle straps as were on my Thunderware booties. I chose this model because from years of experience I knew that the razor cut rubber soles would not slip on slimy rocks.

I had forgotten that the spray skirt needed stitching around the edge along the elastic to keep it from riding up in the track. This made it very difficult to seat the spray skirt over the cockpit lip. I had a grand fight with that.

I have an artificial titanium hip and launching is the most likely moment when I could damage the joint. As I was preparing to launch, clouds started showing over Sanderson's Hope (the tallest mountain in the picture) and Umiak Mountain (the mountain shaped like an Umiak). Looking past Umiak to the right leads to Torssut passage between the low blue island and mountains behind. In many past visits I have camped in this passage and experienced some powerful windstorms from Davis Strait there. I was not going to just give up so I decided that I would not wait around to see what was going to develop. Luckily just some temporary light rain developed and minor wind behind me from the southwest.

In my excitement over launching I experienced one of those foolish moments when I blithely made an assumption. I put the seat in and the foot pedals where, I assumed, they ought to be without bothering to check them. I was in big trouble after launching when I settled myself into the cockpit and found that I was sitting precariously high on top of the now folded down seat back. I had forgotten to clip the seat back into the vertical position so that it would stay in place as I lowered myself from the rear deck into the cockpit. This was one of those "I can't believe I just did this" very awkward situations to say the least.

What I had to do was to simultaneously heist and keep myself wedged at cockpit entry level above the seat while in the cockpit (not on the rear deck). If I sat on the rear deck and attempted to reenter all that would happen would be that the seat back would collapse forward beneath me as I slid into the cockpit. I had to wedge and hold myself above the cockpit while I was reaching beneath myself to lift it back up into the vertical position before I lost it and slid back down into the cockpit on top of it. After three or so tries I finally got it! Such a humiliating ordeal, I was glad nobody was around to see this approach to "more adventures in fine kayak paddling." I had made up my mind that I was just not going to paddle back to shore and get back out of the kayak to correctly clip the seat back into position.

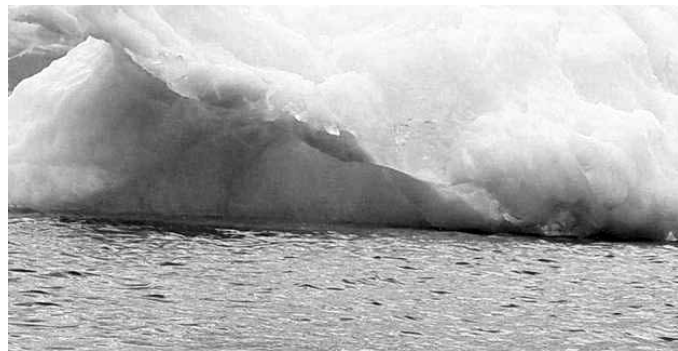
During all my struggling, my precious homemade, foam lined video camera bag flipped overboard from my cockpit. Just in the nick of time I noticed it floating on the surface and I was able to grab it before any salt water was able to run down inside it. Salt water and cameras are not a good combination! A few moments later, to further augment this already horrid situation, I found that I had also miscalculated the length of the rudder cables. I had set them much too long. To cope with this required some really strange hyperextensions. I was only able to touch the pedals if I slithered down in the cockpit to a nearly lying down position. Only my head was sticking out of the cockpit resting on the now upright seat back and I was attempting to paddle with just my forearms because the rest of my torso was below deck. All I could get over the gunwales were just my forearms and my head.

Because of this I was unable to have even the slightest affect on the rudder. As it was dead calm at the launching site I gave up on that impossibly contorted body position soon enough and lifted the rudder. Once underway, though, I found that there was a tail wind of 10-12 knots. I tried vainly to paddle without the rudder, trying to tough it out without it, but the arduous task of constantly having to correct the natural tendency of the kayak to weathercock was a lot of work, every two strokes on the left side I would have to correct my course as the kayak would invariably head upwind.

For this reason I find paddling just impossibly arduous without a rudder and so I offset the inherent rudder flat surface area drag by adjusting the height of the rudder to just sufficient depth to maintain steerage. I wish dihedral low drag rudders were available because flat rudders induce drag that automatically sacrifices a knot or so of speed. Not having balanced the kayak when I loaded, it was slightly bow heavy. Being down in the bow further helps the kayak to weathercock.

I resorted to lifting one knee, the knee





on the opposite side from the wind and running the rudder cable up and over the top of my knee to maintain steerage. After a while I got tired of having to paddle with my knee so rigidly held in place. What I did was shorten the cable by tying it off on a diagonal with a short piece of line. I estimated what amount of shortening would be just about right for the rudder to maintain direction downwind with just a touch of slack, and if it was not right I could easily change the tension by retying the knot to further shorten the cable. If my initial estimate was correct I could make minimal course corrections by lifting my knee under the rudder cable to shorten the cable and also drop my knee to resume the original cable setting.

A while after I had launched I noticed that storm clouds had again accumulated over Sanderson's and then were passing down the valleys toward and over Nutaarmiut. Now came some light rain and the light gray sky was overcast.

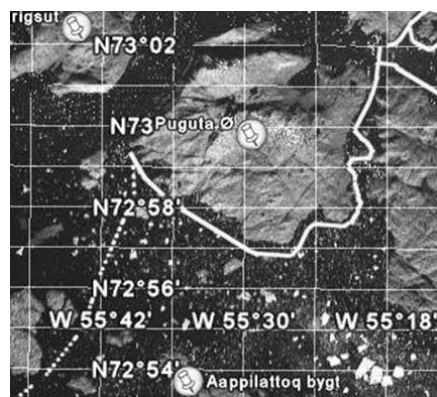
Seeing a spectacular turquoise linear iceberg I shot some video footage. It has always been annoying to have to take the battery out of the video camera when not using it so that it does not discharge. However, I discovered that all I needed to do was to slide the battery up in its track in the holder a quarter of an inch. That takes care of disconnecting it but still leaves it in place so that I can simply slide in back into place when I want to use the camera.

I try to imagine my audience when I shoot photos and videos. I prefer shooting video showing action so I can narrate the moment. When shooting still photos I sort of feel as if I am holding my breath. I have some concern about remembering why I shot the still photo later on, even though I do keep a written log. I do appreciate the detail that my still camera records because the lens and electronic sensor system is so amazing. This makes it appropriate for photographing tiny plants, such as lichens. The digital still camera is much easier to use than the video or film camera for such difficult shots especially when shooting from the cockpit in following seas.

Keeping a written log is vital to record why I shoot the photos I do. I use Rite-in-the-Rain paper and pen. This paper lasts for years and the pen will write on the paper even if it is wet. My logs have lasted me since I first started keeping them in 1989. The paper has not turned yellow and the ink is still perfectly legible.

On my way past the south side of Puguta I saw a few hundred king eider/miteq siorakitsoq and common eider/qingalik, northern fulmar gliding over the wavelets, about 15 guillemots which probably had their nests on the nearby rocks, but only two cormorants, and a pair of glaucous gulls. Sadly I did not photo-

graph them because I never saw those spectacular king eider again. They are thrilling birds to see because of their brilliant colors and the unique shape of their heads are amazing. Their heads are considered a great delicacy, indeed an aphrodisiac, by Arctic people.



I saw several inviting lovely bays as I was heading east down the south side of Puguta but I did not stop to investigate them. I rounded the corner between Puguta and Manitsq islands, heading down a very interesting passage called Ikerasaq. Bo told me that for motorboaters this passage was risky because it is shallow. I was completely at home in my kayak wandering down the bay looking at sights. I paddled closely to the vertical walls of Puguta looking for some delicious sea urchins. Unfortunately, because the tide was just a little too high, they were just too deep for me to retrieve by scooping them off the rocks on my paddle blade to bring up to the surface. I missed the pleasure of breaking them open and eating their orange eggs.

I do not always find them. I thought that sea urchins would be almost everywhere

but that is not true. There is one convenient island near Aappilattoq which has white feldspar. I always find many urchins there. The reason may be that the current's weaker in these areas. When I lived in Kullorsuaq I used to have an arrangement for retrieving urchins and a small fishing rod with which I would catch Sculpin/Ulk. They were easy to catch in the shallows and tasty fried up.

Rounding the bend along the east side of Puguta at 4pm in the afternoon I spotted with my binoculars the ramp at the campsite listed on my map that Bruce Simpson and family had used. The site was nicely tucked in at the end of a sheltered east facing bay on the east side of Puguta within Ikerasaq passage. The campsite waypoint #043 is at 72°58.139' N, 55°21.672' W.

The measurements from my GPS are not in minutes and seconds. To convert them I have to take the number in tenths of minutes 0.139' N and divide it by 1.66666666666667 which converts it to 0.084 which is in seconds 8.4" which just enough to drive me a little bit crazy. However, most of the time I can get away with numbers in minutes only and longitude is too close to read in anything other than minutes this far north.

To pull my kayak above the high tide mark I need to do so on foam rollers on a ramp so that I would not scratch or gouge the hull fabric. On the granite geology of this area I can usually find some sort of rock ramp to do so. The foam rollers I use are an inexpensive toy called pool noodles, which have holes down their centers making them handy as rollers and auxiliary flotation. I cut them into 3' lengths and thread polyethylene line through the centers, knotted with grab loops at each end for flotation. I keep them tucked just inside my cockpit for easy retrieval.

(To Be Continued)



The decision to go to the Bayou Teche Woodenboat Festival in Franklin, Louisiana, was an easy one for me, three friends were also planning to go and it seemed like a perfect first cruise for my modified low power cruiser *Scout*. A year previously I had bought the ex-*EZ Bake* from my friend Chris Tomset, who originally had built the Jim Michalak Caroline design for the 2009 Texas 200. Chris completed that cruise and went on to do a number of coastal trips on *EZ Bake*, including the Travis Traveme and the 2010 Tex 200.

I purchased the boat in 2012 with the intention of converting to a low power, long range cruiser. My modifications were simple in that I removed all the sailing gear, reinforced the transom, glassed in the seats for sealed flotation chambers, switched to medium tinted windows (the clear windows gave *EZ Bake* its name), repainted the entire boat inside and out and coated the bottom with epoxy/graphite. I purchased a Rotech mechanical cable steering system and Teleflex sailboat motor control box, along with a Honda 8hp twin cylinder, long shaft Classic motor.

This was to be my first motorboat and not only was I to learn everything the hard way, but my learning curve on the motorboat industry was to be a continuing source of small shocks. Very quickly I realized that the industry prided itself on a lack of standardization of parts and a sense of institutional Balkanization. Bottom line was the new motor and steering system were not ready in time for this trip. Luckily I also own a very dependable older Honda 5hp single with not many hours on it and a long tiller extension, so a last minute switch was made and I took off for Louisiana with none of the newly purchased items.

The drive from central Texas to southwestern Louisiana was a little interesting due to continual rain starting near the border and followed by trailer problems. I'm not sure that trailering is ever a problem in good weather. When I stopped for supper at a large gas station/truck stop about 30 miles west of Lafayette, Louisiana, a routine check of the boat showed that it had moved forward on the trailer with the bow stem ahead of the bow roller. The problem turned out to be twofold, first my use of a separate tiedown on each side of the stern allowed too much movement, and second the rubber bow roller was too flexible and allowed the stem to slip sideways.

Trying to wrestle the 800 pounds of wayward boat back in line in the rain was starting to look futile when a truck pulled up and a most welcome voice said, "Nice boat you have there." This was the beginning introduction to a long line of amazingly friendly and helpful people I met on this trip. Together we levered the boat back into proper position, swapped out the rubber bow roller for a plastic spare and retied the stern ties. I spent the night at the truck stop rather than continuing on in the rain and dark.

Next morning, Friday, an early start put me into Franklin in time for lunch at the restaurant attached to the Best Western. I was in for another surprise here, this was not the usual motel restaurant, this place had really great food and excellent service! Franklin is a small town and the Festival was held near the downtown area with easy parking and a short one block walk to a street adjacent to the Bayou Teche. There were about a dozen boats on trailers and sitting on the grass with another ten in the water a few steps away.

## Scouting the Bayou

By Stan Roberts

One style of boat that caught my eye was a long, flat bottom pram bow inboard. This turned out to be called a "Bayou Putt Putt" and was a standard boat type for the Atchafalaya basin during the 1930s and '40s. Most of the restored models I saw were built of cedar, between 15' to 20' LOA, about 4' beam with three bulkheads dividing the open cockpit, with either a one or two cylinder, two stroke inboard motor. These boats had no transmissions and ran with straight exhausts, starting was simply spinning the heavy flywheel and shifting was done by momentarily changing the spark advance to reverse the motor.

They were the universal boat for people living on the bayous and waterways of southwest Louisiana. These people, of mostly Cajun ethnic background, used the bayou putt putt for hunting, fishing, taking the kids to school, carrying supplies from town and carrying the family to church on Sunday. I was invited for a ride on one of these restored boats by a man who inherited the boat from his father. The boat was over 70 years old, started easily and ran very smoothly with little wake.

I spent all day Saturday talking boats with the owners, listening to live music and admiring some of the architecture of the older buildings near the old downtown. Sunday I launched *Scout* at the city ramp with the assistance of some new friends who rode with me up to the Festival docks. There I received my official Festival participant sticker from the Festival organizers, along with many inquiries about the boat design from visitors.

My route was still undecided, but after talking to many of the houseboat owners at the Festival, I decided to follow them north that afternoon. Around 3pm there was a long line of these aquatic homes slowly motoring toward the first bridge about two miles up bayou from Franklin. All of us slowly gathered in front of the bridge and my introduction to Louisiana bridge functions began. All the bridges in that area were unmanned and operated by county employees who would drive over when called to request an opening.



My first glance at the bridge height on the approach was misleading and I was able to pass under all seven of the bridges on the route while they were closed. The first town I passed through was Baldwin, where a fork in the waterway leads to the ICW. I had been told at the Festival that there were no marinas on Bayou Teche so buying fuel would obviously be something to work out. Luckily my Honda 5hp uses very little fuel. Spotting a large Federal law enforcement powerboat, I hailed them and asked about fuel availability

in the area. They suggested I try the large tugboat dock toward the ICW but that turned out to be impractical.

Returning to the bayou, I again passed the Federal boat which slowed to take my name and other contact info while allowing its stern pulpit to swing over and hit my port aft window, cracking it. Continuing on a mile or two I started looking for a spot to tie up and camp for the night. The undeveloped areas of the bayou shoreline consisted mostly of large clumps of grasses 4' or 5' tall extending out from the shore or trees whose branches overlapped the water by many feet. A lot of the trees in this area were cypress, which have the characteristic pointed hard roots sticking up in the water around the trunks. The developed part of the shoreline was commonly lined with concrete chunks, metal and other debris in the standard futile effort to control erosion from speedboats.

Obviously I was going to have to rethink my plans of tying up randomly along the bayou shore. The solution was to tie up on the bankings next to launching ramps. The brush was cleared near the ramps and usually there were open areas to walk in to stretch my legs some. My first camp was near a bridge a couple of miles from the collision point with the SWAT boat. It was good to make an early camp so that I could organize the boat supplies better.

The next morning I woke up to a rooster from the nearby house so an early start was easy. A few miles further up I came to a large bend in the bayou and another fork, the right channel passing under a fixed bridge to the navigation canal, the left continuing on through the town of Charenton. Here there was a nice city park and launching ramp where I tied up. I decided to ask for info on local gas stations and the first person I met volunteered to drive me the three blocks to a convenience store where I filled my spare can and bought ice and snacks. An hour later, after cleaning up the boat, and working on the electrical wiring, I headed up the bayou toward Jeanerette.

Years ago I had enjoyed the books and movies of James Lee Burke and his fictional character Dave Robicheaux, a detective in Iberia parish. The stories took place mostly in the towns along Bayou Teche and I had always been curious to see the area. At my cruising speed of 5mph I arrived in Jeanerette about 3pm and again took advantage of a little city park with launching ramp to tie up. Soon after my arrival I met Lonnie, a retired ex cop from New Iberia who was launching his skiff to test the rebuilt motor.

After some discussion about the Jeanerette drug crime scene in the city park Lonnie suggested I continue on to New Iberia and stay the night there. Lonnie gave me his cell number and asked me to call if I needed a ride while in New Iberia. Moving on sounded like a good idea so I pushed off again and after a long run up the bayou tied up at the Pelican restaurant dock next to a bridge under construction about 7pm.

There are a number of homes built on Bayou Teche, many of them in the MacMansion category, some antebellum homes and a few in the trailer/shack category. The stretch between Jeanerette and New Iberia was more developed than the area I had been traveling and at times reminded me of driving on a suburban street. Large houses lined both sides of the bayou, all with immaculate lawns and private docks. The Pelican Restaurant turned out



to be closed due to the bridge construction so my hopes of a nice meal and a mixed drink vanished. Supper turned out to be split pea soup, crackers and cheese with a cold Abita Amber beer. A reasonable substitute.

About the time I was cleaning up I heard a cheerful "Hello the boat" and saw the friendly face of Patrick, the restaurant manager, looking down over the railing above. Patrick turned out to be quite the boater himself and had done the great circle route as crew on a 54' powerboat as well as many other long cruises. During our conversation about boats and the Atchafalaya Basin, Patrick mentioned the Loreauville Canal, which connects Bayou Teche to Lake Fausse Point to the east.

This turned out to be a way of making a nice circular route and reconnecting with the bayou back at Charenton. By eliminating the need to retrace most of the route, I could see some less developed areas of the region which I was looking forward to. Patrick left and later returned with a surprise, a gas can to top off my tank and a used but invaluable guidebook map of the Atchafalaya Basin. I had been looking for a marine chart of the Bayou and Basin since arriving in Louisiana but it was something I had not been able to find so far. While on the bayou my navigation just consisted of keeping the boat moving upstream (1-2kt flow rate) and avoiding the obstacles, but now I absolutely would need this aid to go east.

A few minutes after turning in for the night I heard a hail from the water and looked up to find a kayaker approach the boat. Nathan, a sailboat sailor, had heard about my trip from Patrick. He dropped by to check if I needed a ride the next day to get supplies and to drop off a hand drawn map of the route from New Iberia to the Loreauville Canal. I was beginning to feel quite at home here in Louisiana with so many friendly people.

I passed on Nathan's offer but later started reconsidering a trip to the store for a new poly tarp. My current one had reached the point of continuous shedding of tiny white particles which had me wondering about both lung disease and future leaks from the forecast rains. The next morning I called up Lonnie, found out he was heading to WalMart for mower parts and hitched a ride. A new HD tarp was just the thing for heading off into the swamps.

Leaving New Iberia I continued up Bayou Teche a few miles to the Loreauville Canal turnoff to the east. The canal was a bit narrower than the bayou and I had some wor-

ries about getting passed by a fast boat in the more confined space. This turned out to be the most peaceful and natural section of the trip as there was little development on the canal and I saw no other boats until well into the lake. The lock at the end of the canal was a new experience. I tied up to the pilings at the lock entrance and called the number listed on the sign and after about 20 minutes the gate slowly swung open. Apparently it was remotely controlled from some other location.

Moving into Lake Fausse Point I instinctively headed straight out toward the most open area but soon hit a shallow mud bank that reminded me of Patrick's instructions to turn left as soon as I entered the lake. I did a fast 180° to retrace my route and turned into a section of lake bordered by a long line of trees to my right and some smaller open spaces with random trees to the left. Checking my tourist guide map I found a useful satellite photo of the lake on the back that offered a general large scale shape of the lake. There was definitely going to be some poking around to find my way as the photo did not have enough detail but that was the purpose of this trip, to explore some of the bayou country. I was carrying two weeks supplies, enough gas for about 80 miles and a new tarp, good to go.

I decided to follow the tree line on the right which was heading in the correct direction. Lonnie had also given me directions to find his fishing camp on the lake and invited me to tie up at his dock if I chose to. His place was on one of the major channels in the lake and had some distinctive markings on the dock pilings so I would have a good landmark once I found it. It was getting on past lunchtime so I turned into a small cove area bordered by cypress trees on both sides.

A large gator splashed around at the head of the cove in the shallows as I moved onto the foredeck to anchor. The water in the lake was dark, opaque and not at all inviting for a swim. I needed no further reminders that to slip off the deck was a very bad idea. The Caroline Birdwatcher cabin is totally safe since it is enclosed except for the slot down the middle but both fore and aft decks are exposed, with no toe rail or life lines. All deck work would be well thought out.

Lunch here was tuna from a foil pouch with crackers and a piece of fruit while checking out the area with binoculars. Pulling up the anchor, I saw that the lake bottom was a very black muddy ooze, obviously poor holding and it made a very smelly mess of the anchor well. Tying up to trees begin

to look pretty good as an alternative to using the hook. A few miles further on into the lake and still following the line of trees on my right brought me to another open area where I could match some general details in the land with the satellite photo. I also begin to see other boats, which reminded me that in the 21st century it really is difficult to find a place that you could get lost in.

The wind was starting to pick up and I could see some dark clouds moving in so it was time to find a quiet shelter for the night. I started following one of the main channels hoping to find a nice cove that would put me out of the rising wind. There were a number of fishing shacks on both sides of most of the channels on Lake Fausse Point, it's a popular weekend spot for fishing and boating. After a few hours of checking the main channels I found Lonnie's house and pier but the rising wind was being funneled down the channel to an extent that it looked to be a rough night riding the chop if I tied up at the pier. I decided to keep looking for a more sheltered area.

An hour later I was on an adjacent channel bordered, as usual, with a thick growth of trees and shrubs on both banks when a power boat seemed to appear right out of the trees in front of me. Turning into the spot from where it had appeared, I found a very narrow channel, maybe 15' wide that connected two of the main channels. This was a good spot, out of the wind and chop as well as most of the traffic. A section of the bank had caved in, leaving an area that I could nose the boat over to, but then I had a question about anchoring in a narrow channel with the possibility of a fast fishing boat snagging my anchor line at 3am. The answer was to extend my boat hook and jam the end firmly into a Y of a tree branch on the bank above the foredeck and then lash the boat hook to the fore cleat. This held the boat in place without making a mess of the anchor well.

My new tarp was rigged over removable PVC bows in the slot and held in place by long bungee cords on both sides of the slot along with some clamps on the gunwale. I finished covering the boat just in time for the rain to start and so settled in for my first night in the Atchafalaya Basin. A mosquito net designed to fit over a cot is used inside the boat and fits under the PVC bows, tied fore and aft but allowed to drape loosely over my sleeping area in the center of the boat. On this trip I used a small alcohol stove to heat water for meals. My usual breakfast is just coffee with granola bars, lunch is equally simple with peanut butter sandwiches or tuna. Sup-



per is the only real meal I spend any time over, since it's at the end of the day. Recently I discovered some pre cooked Indian meals sold in foil pouches that have turned out to be ideal for my cruising meals.



The rain continued through the night and into the next day. In the morning I sat back and watched the rain come down on the Atchafalaya Basin through the large windows, enjoying the 9'x6' enclosed cabin and a hot cup of coffee. About noon the weather improved and I removed the tarp, cleaned up the cabin and unrigged my boat hook mooring system to leave. An hour or so motoring to the south put me into a crossing of a large open section of the lake. The wind was back up to around 12-15mph and the lake was running a good 2' chop out in the middle.



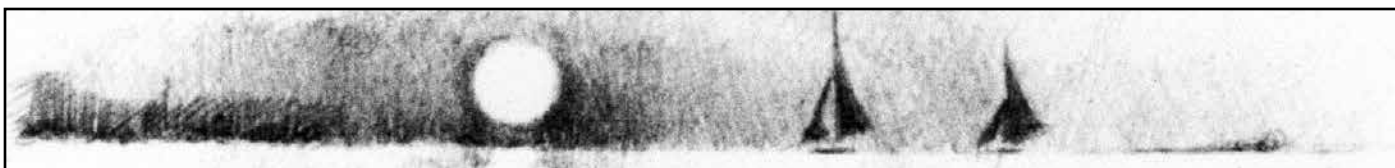
Checking my satellite photo again and doing a slow scan of the opposite bank with the binoculars, I got some assurance of my direction and headed out. *Scout* handles chop pretty well with minimal rolling and spray so the trip across would have been routine except for the fishing lines strung up at intervals and the route poorly marked by buoys. I finally hit at least two old ones with sunken marker buoys but luckily they didn't wrap the prop enough to stop me.

Of all the hazards I figured I might see, old fishing line was not on the list. I would have had a big problem if a line had seized the prop up since it would have been impossible to hang off the stern to cut it loose. Letting the boat drift into shallow water for repairs was equally doubtful due to the deep

bottom ooze. It was a good feeling to reach the other side and the relative shelter of a channel again. A mile or so up the channel I found another small launching ramp and stopped there for the night, grateful for a place to sort out the motor/fishing debris and take a walk around.

An hour after arriving I noticed a fast powerboat running up the shoreline suddenly stop about 50 yards away. Before I could appreciate the quiet again there was an incredibly loud voice cussing and shouting non stop from the fishing boat. It turned out his 200hp motor had blown up right in front of where I was sitting on *Scout*. The owner later mentioned that the repair bill would be over \$2500, about twice what I had in *Scout*, motor and trailer combined. Once the fishing boat had been retrieved by a friend of the owner I had the ramp and open area to my own for the rest of the day and night. A long walk and a hot meal with a cold Abita beer was just the right prelude to a good night's sleep.

The next morning I got an early start heading down the channel to find the Charenton navigation canal which allowed me to rejoin the Bayou Teche very shortly again at Charenton. It was a quiet return trip back through Baldwin and on to my starting point at the Franklin city ramp. A couple of local kids were nice enough to give me a hand retrieving the boat. My last day on the Teche was a nice, easy end to the five day bayou cruise.



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# DCA Rally Report The Most Interesting Voyage in Wales The Menai Rally, There & Back

By John Hughes

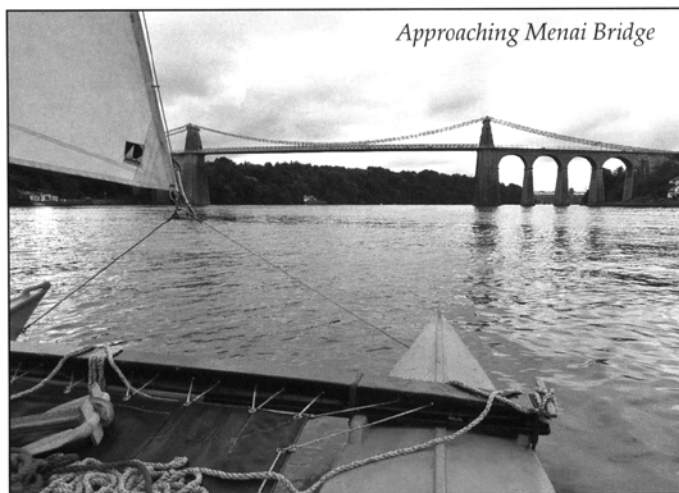
Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*,

Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)

Sailing from Wirral down the North Wales coast and through the Menai Strait to the DCA Rally at Abermenai, August 23-26, 2013, then nearly all the way back, in *Star Catcher*, my 17' Wharram Hitia (gaff rigged) catamaran.

'Probably the most interesting voyage in Wales is that from Llandudno round Great Orme and past Puffin Island into the Straits and down to Carnarvon. The tides run like strong rivers, but the current sets up and down at short intervals and one can trust to being helped somewhere on the sail.'

– WT Palmer, *Things Seen in North Wales*, 1927.



Approaching Menai Bridge

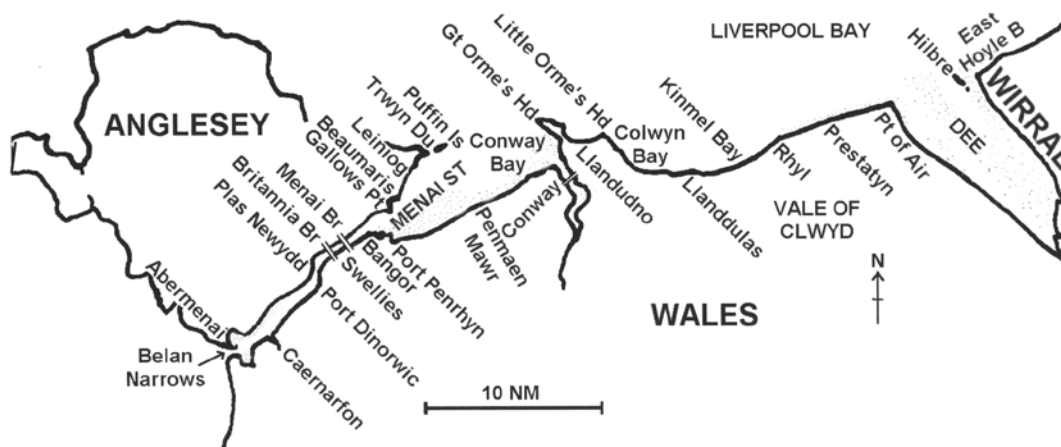
Ever since I joined the DCA and learnt of the annual rally in the Menai Strait, I have thought that I ought to be able to sail there from my home in Wirral, and this grew to be something of an ambition. A forecast for a spell of good settled weather would be essential, with some easterly in the breeze for the passage down the coast, for between high tides there is little shelter from the north or west for the 40 NM stretch between Wirral and Anglesey. This year, with the date of the rally on the August Bank Holiday weekend approaching, it looked as though the weather might cooperate. It was an opportunity not to be missed. Working with the tides would be paramount, especially since my departure would coincide with the highest spring tide of the year (a 9.6 m range in Liverpool), and because I do not possess an engine.

Thursday 22nd August. HW (Liverpool)  
00:20h 10.0m, 12:48h 9.6m

The morning was completely still and my main concern was whether there'd be any breeze at all. High water was just after midday, so with 6 hours of favourable ebb I should be able to cover the 28 NM to Llandudno, anchor overnight in the bay, slip round the Great Orme's Head at low water early next morning, then catch the flood into the Menai Strait.

The last of the spring flood at my mooring on the north Wirral shore spills out over the East Hoyle Bank and continues as the ebb down the coast. As often happens in such still conditions, a slight breeze arose just at the turn of the tide, as though Nature, who had been holding her breath as the flood crept up, had started to exhale. I simply cast off and let the slight easterly breeze and tide carry me out over the bank and off along the Wirral coast westward towards Wales. What could be easier? Within an hour I watched Hilbre align with Middle Eye as I passed out across the mouth of the Dee estuary. It was exciting: I'd committed myself to the voyage. There could be no turning back even if I'd wanted.

In such light conditions you become aware of the subtle, intricate play between land and breeze and how the breeze filling your sails is a low-level, lazy breeze which goes around rather than climbs up over hills and obstacles. Thus I learnt to anticipate how it would back and veer as I crossed the estuary and passed the Clwydian Hills and then stood out beyond the Vale of Clwyd across Kinmel Bay. The sun was warm in a hazy blue sky and distant features appeared vague and indistinct; I was making good gentle progress and I was content. Off Llanddulas or thereabout, where the hills fall abruptly down to the sea and create an impasse to the breeze, my speed through the water diminished; the sails barely held their shape and occasionally





*Starcatcher's galley, with the backdrop of Llandudno at dusk*

slatted with the slight swell. It would soon be teatime and I had 7 NM to go. I started gently to paddle, to assist the sails, and made mental estimations of my speed. I guessed that I would reach my destination before the tide turned as long as the turbines of the offshore wind farm to starboard continued to rotate. I took to counting the seconds for a complete rotation, out loud, volubly, in elephants: "one elephant, two elephants, three elephants", etc. At 9 elephants I felt I was still making reasonable progress under sail alone, but when this slowed to 11 and then 12 elephants, I felt that paddle assistance was required. I calculated my speed through the water by the number of elephants it took to pass a piece of flotsam from stem to stern ... thus I whiled away my afternoon.

Colwyn Bay slipped by laboriously slowly but towards 18:00h I closed the Little Orme. The Pilot warns to keep a good offing to avoid foul ground close inshore, but with only one foot of draught in such settled conditions it seemed safe to pass within a few boat-lengths of the cliffs, and it was fascinating to peer into the caves exposed at LW. But suddenly I realised that I was no longer moving forward; the young flood was already sweeping round the promontory and trying to push me back and it took me half

*Starcatcher afloat at Abermenai, in front of Europe's biggest dune system*



an hour of strenuous paddling to pull safely into Llandudno Bay.

The eastern shore of Llandudno Bay is strewn with rubble, but towards the middle it is fringed by shingle, below which it dries to smooth sand. The town, with its esplanade and pier, nestles in the western side. I anchored at 19:00h close in, with 3 ft depth, in the eastern half of the bay but close to the middle, just before the buildings of the esplanade begin. There I enjoyed the evening sunshine and spent a settled night in calm conditions.

**Friday 23rd August. HW (Liverpool) 0103h 10.0m, 1329h 9.6m**

My concern in the morning was to round the Great Orme at LW before the young flood opposed me. I set sail at 06:25h, shortly after sunrise, under a feature-full grey sky, and fortunately to a gentle SE breeze, which pushed me round the Gt Orme and then shoved me out into Conway Bay with a few boisterous gusts, as a land breeze off the Orme tends to do. But the breeze steadied and gradually declined until after an hour it left me becalmed, and again counting elephants and paddle strokes and stripping off clothing with the warmth of the exercise.

I repeatedly took compass bearings on Penmaen Mawr to convince myself that the grey shadow of Puffin Island was actually getting closer, and gradually relaxed in the growing confidence that I was being carried by the flood into the Menai Strait. At 10:30h I passed the B4 buoy off Lleiniog Bay and entered the channel that runs up the Anglesey shore from Puffin Island. I would almost certainly miss slack water in the Swellies, where the tides run ferociously through the narrows, but I could pull in to spend the night at Gallows Point at the west end of Beaumaris Bay. Still paddling, the skipper of a passing motoring yacht asked if I needed assistance, but I assured him all was well. Then shortly afterwards a fresh SW breeze came directly down the Strait and I beat up between the Beaumaris moorings and landed on the shingle beach at Gallows Point at 11:25h, 5 hours after leaving Llandudno, 13 NM away.

Various members of the North West Venturers Yacht Club greeted me and asked about my boat, including someone who had just been racing (and lost, he said) against Roger Barnes during Cowes Week, and fellow DCA members David and Marie Baskeyfield, who were staying there for the summer.

It took David and me a while to recall where we had met before; it was at Joan Abrams' 80th birthday celebration on Coniston Water in 2006! The members were most hospitable and invited me to use the clubhouse facilities for the duration of my stay.

**Saturday 24th August. HW (Liverpool) 01:44h 9.9m, 14:07h 9.4m**

I hoped to be at the Menai Bridge for slack water in the Swellies by noon. After a wet night (during which it not only rained, but my boat settled at a slope in a muddy gutter), I floated off the mud at 10:30h, with the sun breaking through and a promising light NW breeze, and made way into the flood streaming up towards Bangor Pier. The breeze, however, proved fickle and came only sporadically in slight puffs, but at least these came on the beam and they were enough to encourage me on. By 11:30h I had covered 2 of the 3 NM to the bridge and was secure in the knowledge that passage through the Swellies in this direction at slack high water has the advantage that if you're a little late then the tide washes you through anyway.

Meanwhile, beyond the bridges, Brian and Kath McClellan in their Shipmate Senior *Jezelle*, Paul Harrison in his Suffolk Beach Punt *Peregrine*, and Doug Heslop in his West Wight Potter *Henry* had all launched at Port Dinorwic and were variously motoring and sailing towards the Swellies from the other direction. Brian and Kath had doubted that I would make any progress to meet them, given the lack of breeze, but to their astonishment they spied me from under the Menai Bridge through binoculars – 'He's heading towards the Swellies, and he's paddling!' – and they motored up to meet me. By then I was quite happy to accept the offered tow, but having just missed catching the tow rope, a puff of breeze lifted



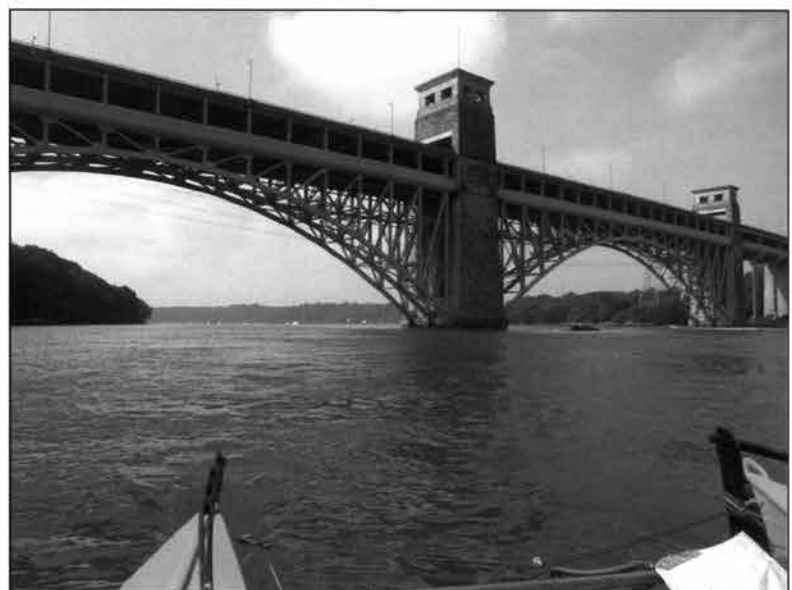
*Peregrine (left) and Jezelle (right) dried out at Abermenai*

me and sent me gliding towards the bridge.

Under the arch I was again becalmed, but once through, there was *Peregrine* also under sail, and the two of us worked with flukey puffs towards the Britannia Bridge, where the stream that becomes the westward ebb was already making itself felt. Once through the latter bridge the air came more cleanly and we started to make more reliable progress, and round the bend past Plas Newydd, with Port Dinorwic coming into sight and the vista of the lower Strait opening up, we began to feel the breeze more directly off the sea, relatively unimpeded by the lower lying land. This was sailing for pleasure. In my opinion there is little to compare with the thrill of a close-reaching catamaran: there is a sweet point on the helm where resistance falls away and she lifts – not on one hull in my case, the boat is not designed for that, but in velocity. I found myself seemingly effortlessly overtaking quite large yachts motoring down the Strait in the same direction, and this combined with the now forceful ebb seemed to reduce the miles to Caernarfon in no time.

We were heading for the anchorage sheltered behind the dunes of Abermenai Point on the Anglesey shore. The main channel into the anchorage curves closely round the dunes from the Belan

*Leaving Britannia Bridge behind*







*Under tow from Iolanthe II (Tim Bowden)*

Narrows, where the stream runs fast, but within a couple of hours of HW the banks are well covered, and shallow-draughted boats can cut across, so I had no hesitation in tacking early and cutting broad swathes across the shallows. The breeze had freshened and it was lively sailing, since the tide running out was creating a vicious chop, and later we learnt that *Peregrine* had shipped significant water in a particularly nasty patch over the tail of the bank. I landed on the beach just as *Jezelle* had set her anchor; she had taken the more conservative course up the deep channel, but had struggled with her engine against the ebb after a large plastic bag became entangled with her propellor. Next arrived *Peregrine*, and finally *Henry*, both motoring against the ebb. But just before *Henry* was able to set her anchor, her engine stalled with kelp fouling her propellor, and she was immediately swept astern down channel, dragging her anchor past several anchored yachts until a rapidly deployed kedge finally held. Watching all this from the top of the dunes, I couldn't help but think that over-reliance on an engine was not a good thing. However, three days' hence I would be made to realise that neither was over-reliance on sails.

*Rounding Great Orme's Head*



The 12 NM through the Strait from Gallows Point had taken me 4 h. We were four DCA boats together, sharing the anchorage with half a dozen yachts. We spent the afternoon enjoying the sunshine, and I the relative novelty of dry land. In the evening the breeze dropped, the moon rose, and we enjoyed a peaceful and serene night afloat.

**Sunday 25th August. HW (Liverpool)**  
0223h 9.6m, 1444h 9.0m

Paul and Doug sailed on the morning tide to pull out at Port Dinorwic, having other commitments. Brian, Kath and I enjoyed a day of rest and long walks along the empty beach in glorious sunshine. I anchored *Star Catcher* near the LW mark in readiness to catch the morning tide early, because for passage through the Swellies west to east the tidal streams are less easy to work with and I wanted to allow plenty of time. If I could reach the Britannia Bridge just before slack water I might have the chance of a fair tide all the way through to Bangor Pier. If not, then I'd meet a foul tide at Menai Bridge, which would push me back in the absence of a fair breeze. In this case I would anchor or pick up a mooring at Moel y Don on the Anglesey shore, opposite Port Dinorwic, or perhaps even grab a mooring directly under the statue of Nelson in front of the Britannia Bridge.

**Monday 26th August. HW (Liverpool)**  
0301h 9.1m, 15:21h 8.6m

In the morning the fog was thick and the air completely still. I floated just after 10:00h, later than I'd hoped, by which time the sun was showing, but still no breeze. Swellies slack would be 13:20h, and I decided I must be at Port Dinorwic by noon to be in time. I paddled out of the anchorage, waved *bon voyage* by Brian, and received comments from the anchored yachts as I passed: 'Ah, a real sailor!' and, 'Doing your bit to save the planet?' (which was actually the last thing on my mind; if I'd had a fossil-fuel burner I'd have used it!) Then the skipper of a larger yacht, *Frances May*, asked where I was bound, I told him, to which he replied, 'I'll tow you to Port Penrhyn, if you like.' And without a moment's



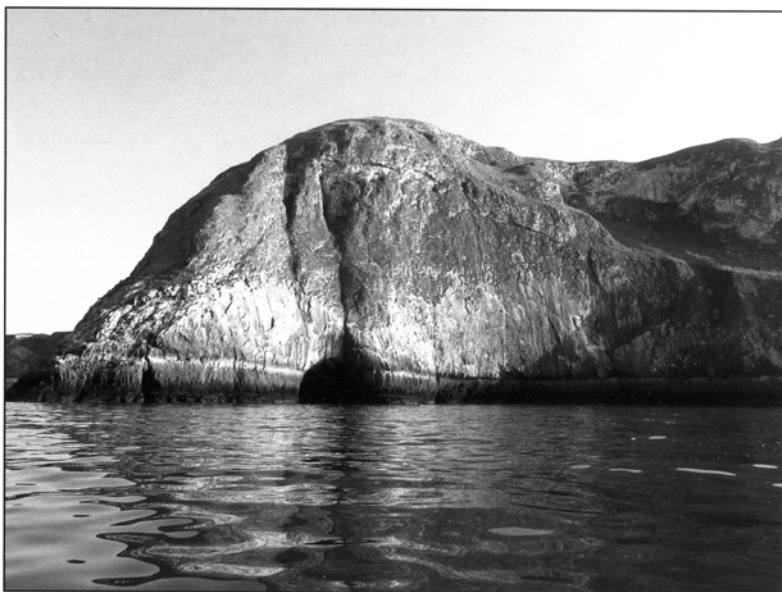
hesitation I fastened the tow rope and lowered sail. To another boat, whose skipper looked enquiringly, I said, 'I'm in luck,' and he exclaimed, 'You don't know his engine!' and this turned out to be prescient.

The burble of *Frances May's* engine was actually quite relaxing, the sun was burning off the fog and felt warm, my problem of passage through the Swellies was solved, life was good, and I was happy to sit at the tiller and enjoy the scenery. But before we'd even reached Caernarfon I heard the engine temperature alarm sound from the cockpit. The engine was stopped, we drifted with the flood, the engine was restarted, the alarm persisted. We closed the shore and *Frances May* let go her anchor, swung round with the tide, and I swung astern of her, the flood rushing under me like a river. Something was said about replacing an impeller; there was a spare, and it would take a few minutes. A quarter hour later the engine was started, the anchor was hauled up and we were underway again.

Another quarter hour and the alarm had sounded again, the engine had overheated and we were swinging on a mooring close inshore and a little past Caernarfon. There was a phone conversation and an exasperated expression, then the skipper told me he knew not what was wrong nor how long it might take to fix.

But by this time a nice westerly breeze had sprung up and I decided that I'd try my luck under sail, so I expressed my sincere thanks, wished *bon voyage*, raised sail, swung *Star Catcher's* bows into the flood and cast off. Then I was skimming out into the middle of the Strait with tide under me and wind in the sails, and soon *Frances May* was a small dot in the distance and I was approaching Port Dinorwic only a quarter hour later than my deadline.

As I curved into the narrows towards Plas Newydd, where steeper slopes clad in picturesque woodland rise on either bank, the inevitable happened and I lost the breeze just as the tide was starting to slacken. Some kayakers, who asked about the boat, suggested that I might still get through if I hugged the shore to keep out of the tide beyond the Menai Bridge. We



*Rounding Little Orme's Head*

were all paddling together, but with a little breeze assistance I left them astern.

Several motoring yachts out of Port Dinorwic caught up and overtook on their way to the bridge, but one smaller vessel altered course towards me and hailed me; I didn't recognise him at first but the skipper was DCA member Tim Bowden. Yes, he was bound through the Swellies and, yes, he could offer me a tow! It is a strange coincidence because although I had not seen Tim for a few years, he had been much on my mind on this trip, having once circumnavigated Anglesey under sail and oar in his *Mirror*, and my respect for his achievement was enormous. Furthermore, we shared the same name of our boats: *Iolanthe* is the name of my Hoylake Opera and *Iolanthe II* was about to tow me through the Swellies! As we rounded the final bend and the bridges came into sight, we were accosted by a headwind and it became immediately apparent that had I continued under sail, once the tide had turned I would have advanced no further.

Once through the Menai Bridge we encountered an immediate transition; the tide had turned against us and the water was no longer placid and green but cold blue and boisterous and choppy, with the breeze behind it blowing fresh and cleanly up the Strait. Tim proposed picking up a mooring to wait out the tide and invited me to join them for a cup of tea. However, at this moment, *Frances May* came up astern and offered to tow me on down to Gallows Point, and reluctant though I was to decline Tim's offer, I was mindful of my own need to make progress ready to sail up the coast to Wirral in the morning, so we transferred tow lines in mid-stream and *Frances May* generously went out of her way to see me to a mooring by the NWVYC, where once more the members were most friendly and hospitable. It was just before local HW when, with sails stowed, I settled for my lunch. The reverse passage up the Strait from Abermenai had taken just over 4 h.

**Tuesday 27th August. HW (Liverpool) 03:41h 8.6m, 16:02h 8.1m**

I intended to get home now in one step. I could set out with the morning ebb from the Strait, cross Conway Bay, then catch the flood up the coast off the Gt Orme and be back on my mooring by HW after noon. I set sail at 06:00h; the morning was cool and grey and, with a slight NW air to assist me, I stayed in the main channel to make

the most of the ebb. I then set course directly for the Gt Orme from Lleiniog Bay, crossing the Dutchman Bank, and by 07:50h the Perch Beacon had closed on Trwyn Du lighthouse and I had Puffin Island abeam. Across Conway Bay there were hints of sunshine and fog, the breeze remained fitful, died, then filled in steadily again from the NW as I cleared the Anglesey coast. I passed the Great Orme's Head with a good offing at 09:20h, Llandudno Bay at 10:00h, and left the Kinmel Bay (green cone) buoy to starboard at 12:20h. I was making good progress up the coast with a steady, light, quartering breeze, the flood now rushing me into the approach to the Welsh Channel entrance to the Dee estuary, and I estimated that I could be nearly home in 2 h.

At about 13:00h, approaching the meteorological beacon off Prestatyn, suddenly, the gaff and mainsail collapsed onto the trampoline next to me. The stainless steel throat and peak halyard block masthead attachment had snapped. What to do? I could continue under foresail alone and miss the tide at my mooring, but be in time to anchor and dry out at Hilbre, from where I could walk home; or I could beach at Prestatyn and recover the boat by trailer. I felt insecure lacking the power of the mainsail, and I'd be at the mercy of the tide crossing the mouth of the Dee estuary, so I chose the latter.

I knew that Prestatyn Sailing Club was nearby, so I cruised close along the shore, just outside the line of the series of groynes extending off the beach, until I could recognise what I thought was the Club's slipway, then I slowly came ashore, closely avoiding destruction of a large sand castle that a family of holiday makers were defending against the encroaching tide. I set my anchors, made enquiry at the clubhouse, and pulled the boat up on the top of the tide. The Club members were magnanimously

hospitable, feeding me burger and chips with cups of tea, allowing me to store my kit, and insisting on helping me dismantle the boat and move it into their compound with help of a tractor, and I am enormously grateful to them. My wife Alix made the hour's drive around the Dee estuary to pick me up and I spent that night in my own bed, returning the next day with a trailer to collect the boat. So ended my adventure.

### Afterword

This was the most adventurous sailing I have ever done. Whilst at times I felt concern, wondering whether I had considered all contingencies, it was full of challenge and variety and definitely worthwhile. And driving home towing the boat on the trailer I certainly thought it safer travelling by sea than by road.

The masthead fitting that failed had sheared apparently due to metal fatigue. It was oriented to bear vertical tension from the throat but not the often rhythmic, lateral tension from the peak. It was not an original design fitting but part of a rigging modification by the builder. It had lasted for at least a decade's sailing.

I feel enormous gratitude for the various people I received help and hospitality from: the members of the NWVYC, especially David and Marie Baskeyfield; the skipper of *Frances May*; Tim Bowden; and the members of Prestatyn SC, to all of whom I express sincere thanks. I'm also grateful to my wife Alix for daily summaries of my favourite weather forecasts and for rescue from Wales, to my good friend Ian Hoatson for loan of the trailer, to Brian McClellan for coordinating the rally, and to the DCA in general, without which I'd never have been inspired to make the trip in the first place. *JH*

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# Dinghy Cruising

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The Quarterly Journal Of The Dinghy Cruising Association  
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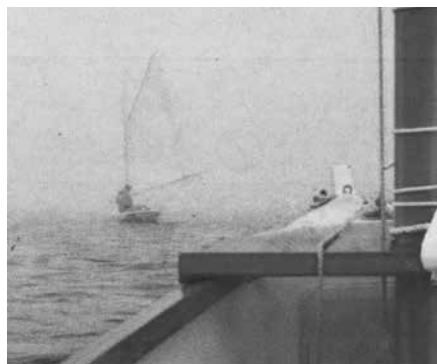
*Wayfarer*

## Shoulder Sailing First Week of December

By Mike Wick - Photos by Phil Maynard  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the  
Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Phil managed a day off from work and we had a weather window which gave us hope. Marshcats need deeper launch ramps so we had lately been spending our sailing weekends at Jane's Island to accommodate our other sailing buddies, Kevin and Doug. We had both been saying for months how much we missed and wanted to get back to Assateague and there was a change in the weather coming up.

The deal was clinched at the Christmas party when my wife Jean begged of Phil, about her husband who was suffering from severe sailing deprivation, "Get him out of here, he's driving me nuts." That was Tuesday night so my staunch ally agreed to meet me at the Old Ferry Launch Beach at 10am. It meant leaving home before dawn, but with winter solstice approaching, daylight hours are precious. A late start could lose a whole day of sailing.



Heavy fog.

It looked like rain that night so we set up our tents before launching, and, only on launching, discovered that it was light wind and thick of fog. We put in a precautionary reef and sailed out into a real pea souper. Never mind, we were in familiar territory. We wouldn't get lost. At times the fog would lift and then shut down again. It was very disorienting when it was at its thickest. We couldn't steer a straight course, even with the wind as our compass. I decided to shake out that reef, knowing my position from a couple of nearby channel markers, but by the time I was sailing again the markers had disappeared. I hoped the wind hadn't changed direction and I sailed on in a close reach.

Ducks everywhere and one coot calling out, sounding just like a fisherman blasting on his tin foghorn. I quickly noticed that I hadn't brought with me quite as many clothes as I should have and that fog was clammy and our feet wet from launching. About 3:00 we decided to head back for the north side of Bayside Campground, which has a nice beach to haul our boats for the night.

I had brought my grill and Phil had brought firewood so he lit the fire while I made shishkebab. Lots of birds and the miniature deer were about as scared of us as a pet dog would be. Some kind of muzzle loader hunters were out and the deer and the ponies

had come into the campsite for safety. They can read calendars as well as the hunters can. It was soon dark, we stayed up for a little while talking and staring at the campfire, but our beds called. It rained in the night but our gear is well tried out and we slept hard.

Friday morning started with rain but we knew it was going to clear, so we drove to a local diner. On the way we listened to the weather and knew that our weekend was about over, so we cleared up the campsite and headed for the boats. The wind quickly built up and we both tucked in reefs, actually two reefs for me, and headed toward Public Landing on the mainland.



Friday sunrise.

As we got abeam of South Point we both got to thinking about what if something broke, we wouldn't want to be too far from home. Assateague and Sinepuxent Bay are protected water and we know that we can almost always wade home in the event of a capsize, but the water is cold and we don't want to press our luck. So we headed toward the island shore and fetched up near to Tingles, the first remote campsite on the way toward Chincoteague. We dropped anchor and ate a hasty lunch while I shook out one of my two reefs.

It was getting to be time to get back and head for home and we heard thunder, so we sailed toward our trailers. Normally I think of thunder in warm weather, but moisture is a big factor, too, and there was plenty of moisture. The south wind slowly died and left us becalmed, rowing toward home. After about a half hour of calm, a brisk norther sprung up. Phil tied in a reef and then decided, as the wind calmed down a bit, that he would never make it home with a reef so he shook it out again. I was happy with my single reef and got in ahead of him. Careful, thoughtful recovery of our boats kept the water below the tops of my boots the whole time. I was able to drive home with dry feet.



Old Ferry Landing. Shack is on a new foundation, it came off the old foundation during Hurricane Sandy

The first spits of rain turned into a torrent as we drove home, fueled by lots of Wawa coffee. It is hard towing boats in the dark and hard rain when you are tired after lots of sailing, but I had had my fix of sailing and swore I would be a better husband in the future. Thank you, Phil.

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Press and TV reports and videos of the spring break goings on in Panama City, Florida, evoke images of nubile co eds doing all kinds of things that young sailors would appreciate, but let me tell you that the Panama City of 70 years ago was nothing like it is today. There was a nice beach, of course, but not any better than say, Pensacola or Fort Walton or, for that matter, any of the Gulf beaches, all of which are astonishingly beautiful. In those days Panama City was a sleepy little southern town abutted by a small naval station to the west and an Air Force base (Tyndall Field) on the east. No big hotels, no high rise condominiums and certainly no co eds.

So it was no great thrill for the crew of a ship to be ordered to Panama City, even temporarily. But that's what happened to our small wooden minesweeper in 1947, she was seconded to a mine experimental station for four months. The city and the general area had little to occupy a sailor on liberty. What few available young ladies were around, residents or transients, were mostly spoken for by the locals or the air force personnel from Tyndall Field. As a result, most sailors spent weekends with little to do or they remained on board, simply "hanging out" on the fantail, swapping lies. Morale on the ship was poor and, in fact, several of the young sailors had already found themselves in difficulties with the local constabulary.

One Saturday afternoon in the early summer of '47 a number of the crew were lounging about on the fantail discussing (of all things) jet propulsion. One bright seaman raised the question whether a ship or boat which expelled water at high pressure would go faster if the jet were underwater or simply shot out the stern into the atmosphere. Quickly sides were drawn, the "aerojet" gang vs the "underwater thrusters" (frequent contretemps among the crew were a sure sign of low morale). The argument lasted for about ten minutes when it drifted (as it will among sailors) to other, more fleshly concerns. Surprisingly, a few days later the debate was renewed when said bright seaman proposed a test. If we could get our then unreliable handybilly working, we could mount it in the ship's wherry and actually see if it would work and which arrangement would work best.



Handybilly was the Navy's name for portable water pumps used for fighting fires and for damage control by pumping unwanted seawater overboard. They had the unfortunate reputation of being highly unreliable as they were seldom actually used, and since they were powered by a two cycle gas engine they had a tendency to gum up pretty badly. So, since this one was also seldom used, it suffered the ignominious fate of being ignored. Of course, it was dragged out during every fire drill but almost never put into operation. In those few drills when the pump was

## Adventures in a Naval Wherry

By Joseph Ress

tried, it almost always failed. However, seldom was anything ever done about it, except for the repeated assurances by the Chief Engineer that it would "be taken care of," but it never was. So they wanted to power a beat-up wherry with an unreliable water pump. Good luck.

The wherry was a wooden, 12', clinker-built rowboat of a fairly standard design. It sat in a cradle on the main deck but presented an attitude of forlorn despair, a piece of apparatus that had been turned into a makeshift storage repository, lacking paint and lacking care it looked quite shabby.



Well, strangely enough all that negative, contrary, pessimistic mood that had permeated the general spirit of the crew vanished, replaced by an air of enthusiasm. This is how it happened. First a couple of machinist mates, no doubt inspired by jet propulsion fantasies (remember, in 1947 jet propulsion was a new and exciting thing), pulled the obstreperous handybilly from its lair, then they brought up some tools from the engine room and began repair operations right there on the fantail. They took it down to the last nut and bolt and cleaned it up. In about an hour the thing was clean as a whistle and running like a clock.

Meanwhile, a boatswain's mate and a few seamen got to work on the wherry, chucked out all the litter and fragments that had been thoughtlessly deposited in her bilges and cleaned her up. Carefully they lowered her into the bayou in which we were moored. Then they lowered the now working handybilly and its intake hose and a short length of fire hose into the wherry and started it up, pointing the nozzle right aft. Away she went, not very fast, but she moved along. For the next hour or so the gang on the fantail took turns running the wherry up and down the bayou, the handybilly doing a noisy job of propulsion. The argument about underwater vs airborne exhaust was forgotten and a lighthearted good time was had by all.

One of the onlookers then suddenly remembered that he had seen an old, unused outboard motor in the boatswain's locker, so a couple of them brought it back to the fantail. It was probably a forgotten gift from some former crewmember, it looked awful, dirty and greasy. They stood around it murmuring until one of the machinist mates said he thought they could get it to work. Using the rags and tools still lying about after the handybilly resurrection, they soon indeed got the outboard clean and running smoothly. The wherry was then hailed alongside and, after some discussion, the handybilly was returned on board, the outboard was installed on the transom and off they went. The out-

board must have been about five or ten horsepower because the wherry went scurrying around the bayou like a water beetle. Soon they were all clamoring for a "try." It was much like a bunch of kids with a new toy.

The now fully operative handybilly was replaced in its stowage rack, ready for a fire, whether a "drill" or a real one, and the revived outboard motor took its place on the wherry's transom. Thus a new activity was introduced to the crew and it continued to be popular every weekend throughout the remainder of the time the ship was in Panama City. It helped somewhat in reducing the former level of lassitude that generally prevailed, especially on weekends, and it is even possible that a few messabout enthusiasts were born as a result of the wherry's rehabilitation.

The voyages around the bayou later took on a little stimulating piquancy. At the extreme end of the bayou was a small cove, almost hidden from view by overhanging foliage and Spanish moss. Its discovery added some exhilaration to the boating activity when a couple of lads took the wherry into the cove and discovered (so they claimed) that an alligator (or maybe a family) lived there. After that, some of the more daring adventurers took the wherry back to the cove from time to time, no doubt to show a bit of derring do.

Morale was decidedly improved when that autumn the ship was sent to Port St Joe (a tiny hamlet about 30 miles southeast of Panama City) for a couple of weeks, where the ship was engaged in some mine detection operations. At that time, the town of Port St Joe consisted mainly of a very smelly paper mill, a street and a few houses scattered around. That's all. The smell pervaded everything, it was inescapable. Even on board the ship you could smell it.

Today, however, it is described as follows: "Port St Joe is always active, offering charters, boat rentals and dining. We want our visitors to enjoy our water, so after a long day on the bay scalloping or offshore fishing... Parks and playgrounds are peppered throughout Port St Joe and families take full advantage of the outdoor fun. Frank Pate Park is located in the heart of Port St Joe, offering trails, playgrounds and picnic tables. Two boat launch ramps are available for free, but if you simply want to sit and take it all in, you are sure to see the fish jump!"



Port St Joe was protected from the Gulf of Mexico by a very long peninsula which creates St Joseph Bay. In those days there were no roads to get to the end of the peninsula, the only way was by boat. (It's a different story today.) The tip of the peninsula was easily visible from Port St Joe and it was inviting to the eager eyes of the newly-



minted small boatmen, it cried out for an exploratory expedition. So, with a gunner's mate in charge, under the guise of exercising the crew in small arms target practice, five of them took the wherry across St Joseph's Bay. The sea was as still as a lake.

When they got there they found it was like a prehistoric wasteland, all sand dunes and windblown grasslike vegetation. They beached the wherry on the bay side near the tip of the peninsula and walked across to the gulf side so that when they set up their targets they would be firing safely to seaward. The shooting continued for about half an hour when one of the lads spotted a large animal approaching them, at speed, from down the peninsula. As the beast closed, the gunners mate (from Texas) identified it as a wild boar, which he claimed were sometimes found running wild at home, and were dangerous to humans.

The brute kept racing towards them, having now created a really dangerous situation because he had come between them and the place they had beached the boat. So the wherry, their only refuge, was now beyond their reach. When it got close enough to see the creature's tusks, the gunners mate assessed the situation and fired his .30 cal rifle at it. Only one shot was needed, the marksman proudly asserted, and sure enough he hit him right in his forehead. After they were sure he was dead, they tried to remove his tusks, but to no avail. Then, not knowing what to do with the dead animal, they buried him in a shallow grave and quickly jumped back into the wherry and returned to the ship.

They estimated the boar's weight at about 300lbs, he could have done a lot of damage. Thankfully, the statute of limitations has now run out.



The next winter, the ship was sent to the Fleet Training Center in Norfolk, Virginia. One of the required exercises involved a demonstration that the ship could tie up to a mooring buoy in the Ches-

apeake. The mooring buoy in question was called a "battleship buoy" because it was a gigantic round thing about 12' in diameter with a huge shackle in the center. Unfortunately the exercise was scheduled at a time that the sea was a bit rough.

The Chesapeake in winter could be quite stormy, this was not the placid bayou of Panama City, and the officials clearly underestimated the severity of the conditions, so they opted to give it a try. By that time there were a whole bunch of sailors who were skilled with the wherry and who were eager to accept the challenge, to take the hawser to the buoy with the wherry. It turned out to be a truly hazardous piece of work.

Launching the wherry in that rough sea was a trial by itself and things got hairier as the wherry bounced around alongside a mooring buoy as big as she was and ten times as heavy. It took a while, but they finally got a man onto the buoy, he passed the anchor warp through the shackle and doubled it back so that we could cast off without having to return a man to the buoy. The wherry returned, she was finally hoisted aboard and placed in her cradle where she remained for the rest of the winter.

The ship never returned to Panama City and sadly, not having had the good fortune of favorable circumstances, the wherry was never again used as joyfully as she had been in the bayou. Every once in a while I look at some "navy surplus" websites, thinking that a wherry like the one described might be available. No luck.



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By the time we get to the lake, it's pretty windy. I stand with my brother and his five year old daughter on the dock looking out at the mess of whitecaps scribbled across the bay, the tall grass along the shore bent double under the rush of wind, the treetops waving wildly. We're on the windward shore, in the lee of the land, and it's still almost too windy to think about going out. But it's late October. This will probably be our last chance to go sailing until spring.

My crudely built 14' sailboat *Jagular* waits in the water alongside us, big lateen sail flogging violently. The mainsheet whips back and forth through the cockpit trying to wrap itself around the leeboard cleats and oarlocks. The 18' yard hangs high above at the head of the sail like a gigantic pendulum, like a headsman's axe, like a Sword of Damocles slung from the masthead. Beneath its weight the boat rocks alarmingly. Behind *Jagular* my brother's smaller dinghy bounces and jostles in the waves like a toy.

"Pretty windy, Uncle Tom," my niece says, looking up at me. I nod.

A fisherman in a baseball cap and sunglasses walks over from where he's been tying his boat down on its trailer. "I don't know if you want to go out there," he says, eyeing our little boats, "it's pretty windy." I shrug noncommittally and he stomps off muttering, angry at having his advice ignored. A wave hits *Jagular* broadside and throws itself across my feet and the gunwale thumps against the pilings. It is pretty windy.

"Might as well give it a shot," I tell my brother and climb down into *Jagular's* cockpit to untie the bowline. With a good shove we're off the dock and underway. I untangle the sheet and grab the tiller, climbing onto the side deck to hike out. Then I flip the sheet under the leeboard cleat, pull it taut and we're racing across the bay on a port tack, heading west. West into the wide open water where we'll find the full force of the wind. I'm vaguely aware that my brother has taken off on a starboard tack instead, heading southeast, hugging the shore closely.

"But don't judge him too harshly for his caution," I tell *Jagular*. "After all, he has a small child along."

"So do I," the boat mutters.

Grinning, I grip the sheet tighter and pull harder, leaning back to hold the boat upright against the power of the wind. Above me the yard pitches back and forth heavily, throwing us from side to side. Waves are splashing against the hull, spray flying into the cockpit. I laugh out loud and pull the sheet in even tighter, leaving my brother and his little boat far behind.

But almost immediately I can tell it's too windy to be out here after all, way too windy. I should have listened to the fisherman in the baseball cap. I consider heading back to the dock but there's no way we can manage any windward progress in these conditions. The waves would kill our momentum and leave us in irons if we try to tack. I don't even want to think about gybing with the weight of the yard slamming around overhead. Unable to come up with any reasonable alternatives, I keep us pointed out into the bay instead. The wind grows steadily stronger as we leave the sheltered waters near shore farther and farther behind, the sound of the wind through the treetops growing louder and louder.

And then, with a peculiar and completely unhurried inevitability, a sustained gust combines with a series of particularly

## Jagular Gets Rescued

By Tom Pamperin  
tpamperin@gmail.com

From my soon to be released book:  
*Jagular Goes Everywhere:  
(mis)Adventures in a \$300 Sailboat*



steep waves that we can't point high enough to take at a favorable angle. As the waves throw us further off balance, the boat rolls over slowly onto its starboard side under the weight of the wind, dumping me over the leeward rail into the middle of the bay, just upwind of a shallow reed bed.

"Well, that didn't take long," *Jagular* says.

I climb to my feet in the waist deep water, laughing loudly. Cold, but not too bad. Especially for late October. The wind is still blowing hard and everything that was in the boat is doing its best to float away, right shoe, seat cushion, flashlight, oars, left shoe, but as far as I can see there's no harm done. My brother and his daughter are watching from their boat a couple of hundred yards away, tucked in behind some trees along the shore. They're safely out of the wind. I point at *Jagular* floating on his side and shrug elaborately, then turn back to the boat.

"Well, you don't have to be prepared as long as you're willing to suffer the consequences," I tell *Jagular* and start grabbing stuff and shoving it back into the cockpit. Meanwhile I'm thinking things through. Flip the boat back upright, bail it out and sail back. Or maybe row back, I decide, thinking of trying to hoist the sail out here with no dock to stand on and nothing to keep us from drifting quickly into the weeds before we get moving. It's awfully windy.

My analysis is interrupted by the sound of a powerboat racing toward me across the water. It's the fisherman in the baseball cap. He's seen us go over and relaunched his boat to come to our rescue.

"This is going to be good," *Jagular* says.

"That's what I'm afraid of," I tell the boat, watching the fisherman racing toward us. He spins his boat to a halt right beside us, almost tangling the outboard's prop in the various lines and ropes and bungee cords all floating around *Jagular's* hull in a tangled mess.

"GET IN THE BOAT!" he shouts dramatically, reaching out a hand to pull me aboard. "CLIMB IN!"

"Uh... no thanks," I tell him.

"YOU WON'T LAST TEN MINUTES IN THIS COLD WATER!" he shouts. "I ALREADY CALLED THE POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENT! NOW GET IN!"

I glance back at the dock to see a furious procession of law enforcement officers and medical teams arriving. Police car! Ambulance! Fire truck! County sheriff! Fire truck! County sheriff! Police car! County airboat crew and rescue divers! They're all racing to the ramp, lights flashing, brakes screeching as they pull in. People in various uniforms start to jump out of their cars. They're pointing at us, talking on radios, gesturing urgently in all directions.

I take a quick look around. I'm standing in hip deep water a hundred yards offshore, waves gently slapping against my thighs. *Jagular* floats high on his side, an inch or two of water in the cockpit, the big lateen sail billowing across the surface of the water like a blanket. Overhead the sun shines brightly in a cloudless sky.

But the fisherman is still shouting at me from his bass boat. "GET IN THE BOAT RIGHT NOW!" he shouts. "HYPOTHERMIA IS A KILLER!"

On shore, meanwhile, several cars full of police officers and sheriffs and EMTs are now running along the docks waving and shouting and the airboat crew is busily launching their boat in a flurry of energetic commands. Reaching over to *Jagular's* forward bulkhead, I untie the halyard, pull the mast out of the step, roll up the sail around the spars and calmly flip the boat upright, stowing the whole bundle aboard.

"GET IN THE BOAT!" the fisherman shouts at me, still holding out his hand to help me aboard. "COLD WATER IS NO JOKE!"

As usual *Jagular's* cockpit is nearly filled with water once I have the boat back upright. But at least I haven't lost the bailer. It's tucked safely away inside the watertight compartment in the bow.

"Too bad you didn't put the access hatch in the deck instead of the bulkhead, though," *Jagular* says. "That way you could open it now without flooding the watertight compartment."

"You be quiet," I tell the boat. I'm thinking over my options, climb in and row back without bailing? Too much water sloshing around in the cockpit. I'd probably capsize several more times on the way, and have to weather several more rescue attempts.

"GET IN THE BOAT!" the fisherman shouts. "YOUR JUDGMENT IS IMPAIRED!"

"He got that right, at least," *Jagular* says. I ignore them both. I could walk back to the dock through the shallow water, I suppose, pulling *Jagular* behind me. I've almost made up my mind to do it when I hear the airboat buzzing toward us, finally launched and on its way. It's too late to get myself out of this, I realize, the airboat will be here in 20 seconds and I can see the crew is determined to rescue something now that they've gone to all this trouble. The mills of the rescue bureaucracy have begun to turn and, once moving, they grind exceedingly fine. The crew members are all leaning eagerly over the sides of their boat to scan the horizon in all directions as they race toward us, shouting orders to each other, readying heaving lines and ring buoys, and gesturing enthusiastically in their bright orange life jackets and their bright orange boat.

"Wait for the airboat crew," I ask *Jagular*, "or take a tow from the fisherman?"

"Fisherman," *Jagular* says.

"Fisherman," I agree with a sigh, taking a last look at the rapidly approaching airboat. They're nearly in ring buoy range already.

"GET IN THE BOAT!" the fisherman shouts at me again. "NOW!"

"All right," I tell him, climbing over the side, *Jagular's* bow line in my hand. The fisherman is so surprised at my sudden acceptance that for a moment he isn't sure what to do. Then he puts the motor in gear and nudges the throttle, turning us toward the dock. The airboat buzzes to a slow stop in the middle of the bay behind us. The crew slumps in disappointment, the bright orange hull sinking lower in the water as it loses speed.

When we arrive at the dock what seems like dozens of policemen and sheriffs and deputies are waiting. They're all stumbling and lunging frantically toward us, getting in each other's way, everyone intent on pulling me safely onto dry land. Meanwhile the ones who don't have room to be directly involved stand on the sidelines shouting at me to report to the ambulance immediately lest I succumb on the spot to hypothermia. They seem surprised that I'm not dead already. I give myself a quick once over, thin quick drying nylon pants, wet to the waist but already starting to dry, a bulky wool turtleneck sweater slightly damp around the bottom edge, a warm and mostly dry long underwear shirt underneath and wonder what danger I'm in, especially now that I'm back on dry land with a change of clothes waiting in my car, only 5' away.

In the middle of my self assessment, several townspeople rush over from their lakeside homes and try to wrap blankets around me. Behind them two ambulance crewmen are working their way through the crowd, brandishing blood pressure cuffs and thermometers and stethoscopes and IV bags, advising me to submit to medical attention immediately. It's all too much.

"Look," I tell the blanket throwers, "there is no emergency here. I don't need your help." Then I turn to one of the ambulance guys. "Somewhere in your kit you have a form for me to sign to record my utter and complete rejection of medical treatment," I tell him. "Handing me that form and a pen to sign it with is the only assistance I'm going to accept."

They all wander away reluctantly. The ambulance guys are too disappointed to even bother with the paperwork. Meanwhile, some of the sheriffs and policemen out on the edge of the action give up their attempts at direct involvement in the dramatic rescue and start prowling the docks inspecting everything. I suddenly remember that my parked car doesn't have the required three dollar boat launch permit on the dashboard. And there's no life jacket aboard *Jagular*.

Sure enough, one of the cops approaches me. "How come you're not wearing a life jacket?" he asks.

"The water's only waist deep," I point out. He insists that I would have been safer wearing it and scolds me for my poor judgment. Next, he wants to know where my life jacket is, since I'm not wearing it.

"Uh..." I say, "it must have gone overboard when I flipped." I'm a terrible liar but there's nothing he can do about it unless he wants to relaunch the airboat to go inspect the crime scene for evidence. But I've also just remembered that all boats over 12' long have to be registered in Wisconsin and I'm

hoping he doesn't ask about that. He doesn't. Pretty soon, though, another cop approaches me. They seem to be taking turns, sharing the excitement. "How long is your boat?" this cop asks.

Meanwhile a herd of other sheriffs, cops and EMTs are still trying to convince me to come to the ambulance, not for medical attention this time, they assure me, but just so I can have some privacy to change clothes. I'm tempted to remind them that the park was empty until they showed up and that they're the only people I need privacy from, but I doubt they'd be happy to hear it. I've been caught up in a mindless inertia of procedural inevitability, an unthinking cultural force that cannot be resisted but can only be endured.

My brother has tied his boat up to the farthest end of the docks where he is watching. I know, with growing amusement. And now, in between fighting off the blanket throwers and the ambulance enthusiasts and wishing I'd been able to get at the bailer instead of taking a tow from the fisherman, I'm eyeing the cop who has just asked me how long my boat is. Does he have any idea how long a 12' boat is? I ask myself. Probably not, most people don't. Just say 12'. He'll never know the difference. But no, I finally decide, better to be honest and try to play dumb if necessary than it would be to say 12' and watch him whip out a tape measure. I'll be honest. Well, mostly honest, anyway. "14'," I tell him, cutting off half a foot from the actual measurement. The cop nods once and wanders off.

Eventually I manage to push the other sheriffs and cops and airboat guys and EMTs aside so I can get to my car, where I get out my dry clothes and start to change into them. Most of my would be rescuers finally give up and drive off then and I pull *Jagular* up on the ramp to bail. I'm hoping I can get the boat on the trailer and get the hell out of there without having to withstand any more scrutiny when the how long is your boat cop returns. He seems to derive an unsettling degree of personal satisfaction from informing me that I'm in violation of Wisconsin's boating registration requirements, requirements he's spent the last few minutes looking up when he couldn't think of anything else useful to contribute, I suppose. I feign ignorance, my usual strategy in these kinds of situations. "Oh," I say. "I thought it was boats over 16' long."

"No, it's 12'," he tells me.

"Oh," I say, "I didn't know that." Then I keep bailing. The how long is your boat cop stands around for a few moments, clearly hoping for more of a reaction. Then, with a stern admonition about needing to get my boat registered, he finally leaves. The rescue is over.

But no, there's one more sheriff coming, clipboard in hand. He wants to know about the incident. "What happened?" he asks.

"My boat tipped over," I tell him, and keep bailing. But the clipboard sheriff refuses to be dismissed so easily. He wants more detail.

"How fast were you going at the time of the accident?" he asks, pen poised to take down my answer. "Twenty miles an hour?"

"Uh..." I say, and stop. Twenty miles an hour! He waits with pen still poised, watching me closely.

"You don't know a whole lot about sailing, do you?" I say finally. It's the best I can do. Then I turn back to the boat and keep bailing. The clipboard sheriff watches for a min-

ute without saying anything and then finally leaves, probably worrying about how he's going to fill up the blank spaces in his thick pile of paperwork. The park slowly empties until we're left in peace at the boat ramp. Even the fisherman in the baseball cap and sunglasses is gone and my brother and niece are at the other end of the parking lot tying his boat onto the trailer and getting ready for the drive home.

After a long session of bailing and sponging, *Jagular* is finally dry and clean, the rig neatly stowed away ready for trailering. I back my car down to the ramp and climb out to pull *Jagular* onto the trailer. "Well," I tell the boat, "I'd say that went remarkably well."

"You're an idiot," *Jagular* says.

"What I think," I tell the boat, "is that it's time for a new rig. Get rid of that lateen sail with its big heavy yard."

"Maybe not a complete idiot," the boat says.

"Then we can try something really big next year," I continue. "Like this Texas 200 thing I've been looking into, a five day cruise along the Gulf of Mexico and the Texas coast. No rules or entry fees. No safety measures or support crews. Remote beaches, high winds, and narrow passes, tricky shoals and blistering sun. Traveling 40 miles a day, dodging stingrays and sharks and oyster shell reefs. No shade. No fresh water. The open sea waiting just beyond the barrier islands, nothing to stop the wind from sweeping in on us like..." I gesture around at the gusty trees, the whitecaps on the bay. "Like this," I say. "Only bigger and windier. With sharks."

The boat waits quietly as I winch the bowline taut and finish strapping things down.

"I'm thinking maybe a fully battened Chinese junk rig is the way to go," I tell the boat. "Sixty square feet or so. What do you think?"

There's silence for a moment before *Jagular* answers. "God help us," he says.



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The following was written for the benefit of students taking a class in sharpie sailing at the Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle, Washington. The class is taught in a New Haven sharpie and an Egret replica.

I met my first sharpie when I was 20. My sister Suzanna and I bought it from a friend, Pete Neiman, who had built it from plans he found in *American Small Sailing Craft*, by Howard Chapelle (p101.) She was an 18' sharpie skiff, flat bottomed, hard chined with a tucked up stern that allowed her to carry heavy loads without sinking the transom and a legofmutton sprit rig.

Her sails were cotton and, unlike the plans Chapelle supplied, she carried a jib. I was supposed to get a balloon jib but someone had cut it up to make a water sail for a schooner. Even without the balloon jib she'd fly on a reach. I stripped her and repainted her. When we launched the boat she leaked a bit but we weren't too bothered by that. I learned that she could sail onto a beach even to windward. The old fashioned centerboard, showing a triangular section below the water, kicked up gradually and the skeg protected the shallow rudder. Some larger sharpies have a balanced rudder shaped like a hockey skate which will push up as they come onto a beach.

Because of the tidal range in Puget Sound we usually anchored out when we were cruising. Because the boat leaked and had no floorboards we slept on air mattresses. Often I would wake up to find myself almost afloat on my air mattress in the morning. I rigged a black plastic sheet as a boom tent, which provided plenty of privacy. It's hard to think of a better beach cruiser.

She wasn't perfect. Becalmed on a sunny Sunday, bobbing in the wakes of passing powerboats, she'd pound. I had to row her ten miles one day and by the end my back had given out and I had to row facing forward. The hull shape gives these boats remarkable stability for their weight and beam, but for the dimensions they are not that easily driven. Cross planked bottoms also provide more friction than a smoother bottom would.

Where did they come from? The oyster industry in New Haven, Connecticut. In the 18th and early 19th centuries oyster fishermen had used dugout canoes, which were shallow, easily paddled and easy to make. When the bottoms started to wear out from being dragged over the oyster beds, they would replace the bottoms with planks running across the canoe. By the 1840s they were running out of big trees for making canoes, so they needed a vessel that could be planked. Flatiron skiffs were available but were small and limited in carrying capacity. Enlarging them while keeping the proportions the same yielded awkward boats, but making them longer while keeping them narrow worked better.

According to Reuel Parker, who wrote *The Sharpie Book*, the first sharpie was *Telegraph*, built in 1848. At the time *Telegraph* would have been a high tech name like "Jet" in the 1950s or "Laser" in the 1970s. It was symbolic of speed and something shockingly new. It introduced a boat with sharp lines and a rig not often seen before then, the leg of mutton sail set on an unstayed mast with a sprit boom. The tapered mast could bend, spilling the wind in gusts. The sprit boom could be light because it had minimal bending forces on it. It was self vanging and, because sheeting the sail in did not have to also pull it down, sheeting forces were

## Joy of Sharpies An Introduction to Sailing Traditionally Rigged Sharpies

Reprinted from  
Traditional Small Craft of New Jersey and  
the Delaware River Basin  
<http://traditionalsmallcraft.com/Articles.html>

By John MacBeath Watkins



The New Haven sharpie *Betsy D* sailing wing and wing on Lake Union.

less. A hull that weighed a couple thousand pounds could carry several thousand pounds of payload. Construction was simple enough that many fishermen could build their own boats (in fact, I've designed and built my own sharpie).

The type spread up and down the coast, often supplanting local types less suited to their owners' needs. In 1881 Ralph Munroe had a sharpie built in New York to his specifications and sailed it down the coast to Florida. The boat could operate safely in the open sea, run breaking waves on the river bars and distribute telegraph messages and packages to people living in the shallow estuaries. That one boat could meet all these challenges was considered remarkable.

One of the sharpies at the Center for Wooden Boats, the *Colleen Wagner*, is a replica of the type of sharpie Munroe favored for this work, narrower on the bottom, wider at the deck, higher sided than the oyster boats and double ended, a feature that helped in a following sea. Many boats have too much buoyancy in a following sea, burying their bows and making the boats inclined to broach, and Munroe may have had this in mind when he chose this shape.

What makes sharpies extremely useful for the Center for Wooden Boats is that, in addition to their historical significance, they can carry large groups of people and are maneuverable enough to land under sail on our crowded docks. They are used most for the free public sails we offer on Sundays, but also for the demonstration sail for Sail Now students after ground school and other occasions when we need to be able to take out large groups.

Sailing sharpies is different enough from sailing modern sloops that we have found that taking someone out one day on the boats, then considering them checked out doesn't work. In an emergency, people who haven't spent enough time in the boats slip back into the practices that work on sloops. Therefore, we require people to go out several times before they can check out on the boats.

It is these differences that make the boats so much fun to sail. On most sharpies the rudder fine tunes the steering, but the bulk of the steering is done with the sails. Low aspect balanced rudders are not as effective as many other types, but they are necessary for the jobs sharpies were intended to do. The two sail rig found on most sharpies, with sails almost the same size, is not extremely efficient to windward, but is efficient for steering the boat. These boats can be tacked with no way on, they can be turned in their own length and sometimes can be slid sideways into a mooring spot. Steering them with the sails can be done from anywhere on the boat.

I've had spontaneous applause from the passengers on occasion after a demonstration of the boat's maneuvering capabilities. You have to think more about what you are doing when you sail these boats, but they will reward you for it.

In the following descriptions, I will refer to the sails as the foresail and the mizzen. I find this reduces confusion when teaching people about a rig with masts almost the same height.

Tacking a two masted sharpie requires no steerageway. Start the tack sailing full and by, release the foresail and sheet the mizzen tight. As the boat comes head to wind, release the mizzen and take up the slack in the foresail sheet. As she swings through the tack, sheet in the foresail, quite tight at first, to keep her going through the tack. As she falls off, sheet in the mizzen and ease the foresail so that she is in sailing trim on the first tack.

I find it helpful to have people practice doing three tacks in quick succession. By the second one, or certainly the third, they are tacking with no way on. The pressure of the wind on the sails is enough to start a turn, the inertia of the ends is enough to swing her through (if not, backing the foresail can do it). This is mighty handy in a narrow channel where the boat may not have much chance to pick up speed before having to tack.

One reason this is possible is that most sharpies are built with a flat bottom, no skeg or external keel, and a centerboard and balanced rudder. Unlike most boats, they spin on their centerboards, the ends skimming over the water. This makes it possible to turn the boat in its own length.

Try this while sailing off the wind. Sheet the mizzen in tight, let the foresail sheet run and watch the boat spin. Stopping the turn after 180° there may be some sternway because the boat's momentum is still going in the original direction. I regularly land a 35' New Haven sharpie in a channel about 50'-60' wide, and when I'm coming downwind into the moorage and making a J turn to bring the boat into the wind, I find I have to take care not to turn the boat so sharply that I kill the steerageway.

When doing this, make the turn a little wider, watch the stern of the boat and bring it right where wanted on the dock. Once the bowline is ashore, use the mizzen to bring the stern in, either pulling it tight or backing it depending on the exact wind direction. If you've misjudged and the boat is closer to the dock than intended, turn the rudder 90° and stop forward progress while making the boat spin on the centerboard. The boat will be separated from the dock by about the distance of the stem to the centerboard at the end of this maneuver, but that's better than T boning the dock, and since steerage way is not needed to tack, can sail out and start over. It's best to



practice these maneuvers in open water, with not too much of an audience.

The skills needed to pick up a mooring or land on a dock are in many ways similar to those needed for a man overboard drill, so practice those.

### Some Tips for Sail Trim

Don't use too much pressure on the snorter for the forward sprit boom. The snorter is the equivalent of outhaul tension, providing some shape in the foresail so that it

will give enough power to pick up speed well after a tack.

Don't over sheet. The centerboard on a traditional sharpie is designed to kick up easily when you sail onto a reef or beach. They are not extremely efficient at keeping the boat from going sideways, so if you sheet the sails too tight, that's what the boat will do.

When running wing and wing, remember that you don't have any shrouds. You can let the booms a little forward of the mast and the boat becomes very stable running wing and wing with this setup.

### Terms

**Leg of mutton rig:** A rig with a triangular sail set on a mast, attached to the mast with lacings, hoops, or other means.

**Sharpie:** Usually a narrow, flat bottomed vessel of a type first developed in the New Haven, Connecticut, oyster fishery.

**Snotter:** A line attached to the mast and the sprit boom, used to tension the foot of the sail.

**Sprit boom:** A boom that goes across the sail instead of along the foot of the sail.

## Magic Moments

By Joseph Ress  
charles.river@rcn.com

Every once in while, I still think about how my nautical "career" came about; well, not so much a career, but a continuous lifetime engagement with boats, ships and all kinds of maritime matters. Nobody in my family, for as far back as I could trace my ancestors, had had anything to do with the sea, except as passengers on the way to Ellis Island. Digging deeply, the only other association I could find was my father's enjoyment of fishing.

I recall this interest started when I was about eleven years old; I built a model of the *Flying Cloud*, a famous old clipper ship from a 10-cent kit (a dime went a long way back in 1936). After I built her, I started to look into anything that followed Archimedes' principles of buoyancy, but most of all, the realization that men could travel the world on wind power alone was a breathtaking idea to a little kid who was raised in the middle of a city, having dealt with the sea only at the beach in Coney Island.

The concept of wind propulsion engaged me for quite a while, resulting in due course that, along with a couple of other equally benighted but curious kids, I escaped parental vigilance long enough to walk to Prospect Park. I had planned this excursion for some time and prepared for it by assembling an appropriate sailing outfit: 25 cents for the one-hour fee for a rowboat, a discarded window shade, some string, and a mop handle.

Off we marched to the lake in Prospect Park, about a mile or so away, where we rented a flat-bottomed rowboat. When clear of the landing, we erected the mop handle

mast, and finally figured out how to make it stand erect with a web of stays and shrouds with the string. Fixing the window shade to the mop handle proved more troublesome as we didn't want to pierce the shade (sail) itself, but in the end we did. Then, we learned what braces are for as we maneuvered the boat so that the slight breeze that was blowing was right aft. The operation was a nautical education in itself. Then, when we finally got the boat pointed downwind, and the sail began to draw, lo and behold, we were sailing, really sailing. It only took a few seconds to figure out how to use the oar as a rudder, but by George, we were under way.

This was my first Magic Moment, the first feel of a boat harnessing the wind. The thrill lasted for quite a while, and after that excitement was over, I started to read about seafaring. My first textbook was an illustrated dictionary, which had a drawing of a full-rigged ship and the names of the sails. Eureka, the golden gate to nautical knowledge opened for me. I learned the name of every sail, and the difference between port and starboard. My next great discovery was the sea story, and I read as many of the old classics I could lay my hands on in the local branch library. I read *Two Years Before the Mast*, *Moby Dick*, and many more.

Later, as a Sea Scout, I messed about with a surplus navy rowing cutter, a Cape Cod catboat and a 40' power cruiser. To top that off, I discovered that one of my friends had a 16' Snipe-class sailboat, and we did some fine

sailing out of Sheepshead Bay; thence came a stint with the Coast Guard reserve. Then came the war (WWII), the U.S. Navy and five ships.

Eventually along came a 25' catboat, a sailing dinghy, a canoe, a couple of kayaks, a West Wight Potter, and now a 19' catboat. During those years another Magic Moment occurred in 1962, when I took the big catboat off her mooring in Padanarum for the first time, and motored clear of the mooring field, turned to pass the breakwater, and with the huge sail drawing, I turned off the engine. The feeling was physically perceptible; another Magic Moment. Even now, when I turn off the little diesel engine in my 19' catboat, I still get that same feeling. It's great.



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The Application for a Land Use Permit to reconstruct the historic and beautifully architected 1876 Centennial Life Saving Station at the Higbee Beach Wildlife Management Area has still not been approved by New Jersey DEP Land Use Regulators due to a change to the proposed parking lot location. The new parking location needs to be assessed for endangered and threatened species.

We were now hoping to begin construction in the third quarter of 2014 with a completion date to coincide with the 100 Year Anniversary of the Life Saving Service evolving into the modern US Coast Guard. A "Friends of the 1876 Life Saving Station and Park" Committee has been established to help make this important part of our local heritage a reality.

Model Builder Bob Stork is well on his way to creating a highly detailed 1/2" scale model of the Station. The proposed site is near the Old Steamboat Landing where the original Station #40 was located.



The Youth Boat Building Outreach Program has been kicked off and construction of the St Ayle's Scottish designed skiff at Lower Cape Regional High School has STARTED! Teacher Mathew Suter is providing the instruction to the student apprentices with support from Superintendent of Schools Christopher Kobik and Director of Curriculum Joe Castellucci. The Maritime Museum provided the financing for the first kit which includes the plans, mold and materials. Maritime Museum's Director of Boat Building and Restoration George Loos with his team are providing the technical guidance in building this beautiful wooden boat.



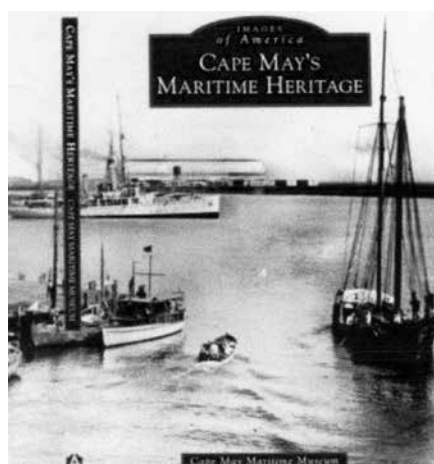
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## Cape May Maritime Museum News

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The book we are writing, entitled *Cape May County's Maritime Heritage*, has been submitted to Arcadia Publishing and is in production with a publishing date scheduled for the spring of 2014. Maritime Museum Administrative Director Sandy Maloney completed the book with terrific support from Scott Griffith (thank you Sandy and Scott)! The book is a result of extensive research and interviews with local families and historians. The influences of war, weather (hurricanes), economic opportunity (rum running), commercial fishing, recreation, technological advances in boat building, transportation and communications and a fascinating look at the shipwrecks off our shore are included.



**Monomoy Boat Restoration:** George Loos continues to make great progress in the restoration of the Maritime Museum's Monomoy boat restoration at the Workshop on Sunset Blvd in Cape May. George is joined by regulars Ron Heron, Paul Hurd, Dan Laughlin and Ed Johnson. A number of US Coast Guard Staff men and women have also joined in the restoration effort. All new ribs were steamed and installed. Chuck Prichard provided the copper rivets and use of his planner. Maritime Museum Board Member Brian Sullivan is storing material and also providing the use of his workshop.

Our good friend Commander Timothy Dring (US Navy Ret) continues to pro-

vide guidance in the faithful execution of the Monomoy boat restoration and the Centennial Life Saving Station reconstruction. Detailed Drawings of the original boats are on display. The boats will be used for reenactments and display at the 1876 Life Saving Station.



Dr William (Bill) Thiesen, Director US Coast Guard Historians Office, has been instrumental in our planned acquisition of the US Coast Guard motor life boat CG36538. The Maritime Museum is planning to restore this very impressive part of our vintage fleet. CG36538 was operational in Ocean City, New Jersey, in the mid 1950s. Maritime Museum metal shipwright volunteer Wayne Whalen will be joining George Loos in this challenging restoration effort! These motor life boats were powered by GM 471 diesel engines. They were self bailing and self righting (pictured is fully restored CG36500).



The Maritime Museum's Application for stewardship of the historic Brandywine Shoal Light House in collaboration with the Township of Lower was not recommended for approval by the US Department of Interior, US National Park Service. Under the plan the Township of Lower would have been the owners by deed. The Maritime Museum was planning to restore the light to a moment in time when she was manned. We were all very disappointed in the recommendation but wish Jeff Stewart all the best in preserving and maintaining this National Treasure.

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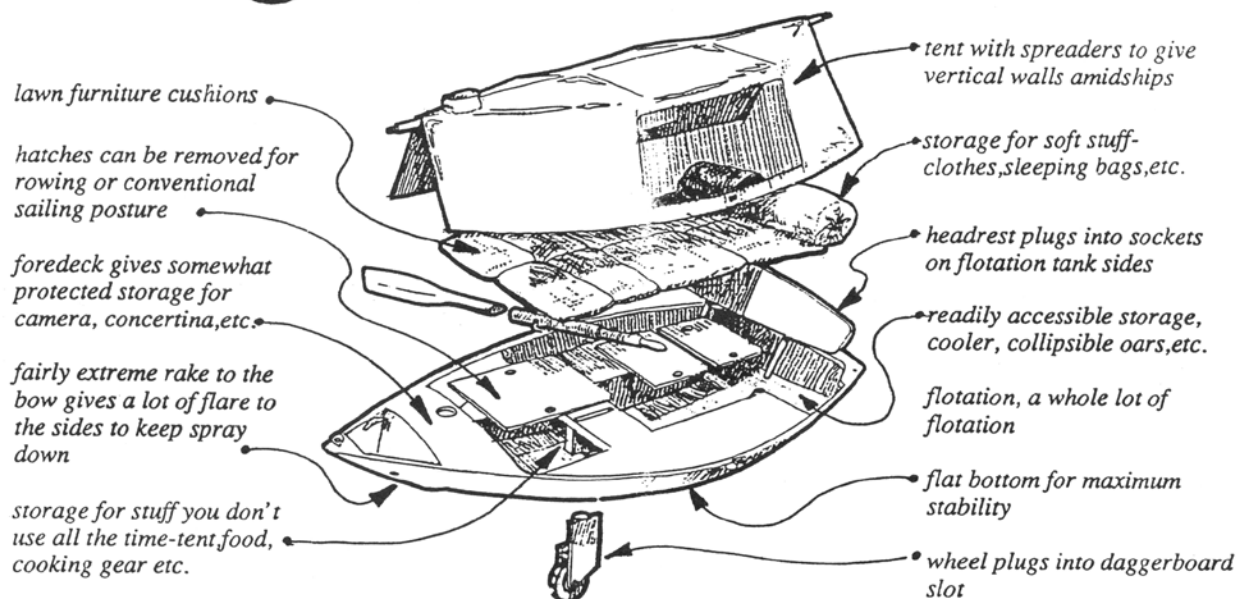
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# Moondance



There was a tent moored at the dock at Mystic Seaport on that early June morning a couple of years ago at the Small Craft Meet. Closer inspection revealed that there was indeed a boat hull beneath it, low and wide and short.

Later in the day the tent was gone and the little craft was busy sailing up and down the waterfront with skipper and crew sprawled comfortably on lawn furniture pads,

leisurely sailing. Yet in the brisk breeze that had come up, the boat was moving right along.

The skipper's name was John Thomson, and the boat was his creation, still in prototype form. At the time he'd named it "2", and his long range goal was to perfect it to his satisfaction and then market building plans for it. The unique appeal? This was a "minimum cruising sailboat". At 11'6"x5'3", it was minimum for sure.

A year or so later, John called me to say he'd be in our area enroute from his home near Binghamton, New York, for a holiday sailing on the Maine Coast in "2". He suggested we enjoy a trial sail. Local weather conditions were such that we chose to do this on a nearby lake rather than on the ocean. The boat was perched on the roof of John's tired looking little Chevette sedan, about as modestly powered a boat transporter as you can get.

Watching John unload the craft and set it up was a lesson in how a professional designer (industrial in this case) works out the system. It was all easily handled by one man, with no heavy lifting or boosting. In the water, the low beamy hull with its broadly flaring sides looked like a curvaceous chaise lounge ready to go.

Well, I didn't get used to the reclining position that John espouses, it was comfortable but I felt somehow like I should be sitting upright more alertly. It didn't affect our little sail, the boat

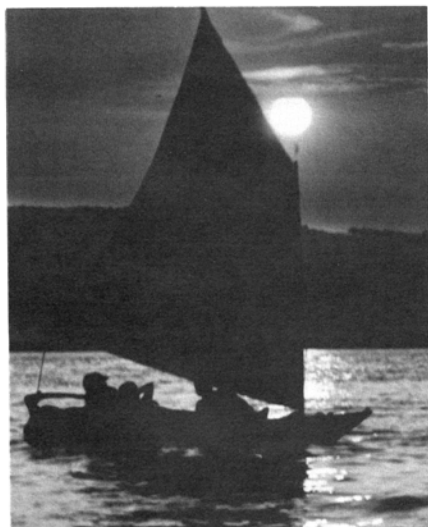
moved right along at a surprising clip, not fast of course with that short waterline of about 9', but not feeling as if it were dragging anchor. And it maneuvered lightly and responsively.

"When's it going to be ready for people to build?" I asked him.

"Well, there are a few more things I want to finalize and then I've got to write up the instructions and do the full size patterns and the construction illustrations," John explained. It would be a while.

That was in 1987. Now it's 1989 and the plans for building "Moondance" are ready. Gone is the "2", whatever it's significance to John, it wasn't a very attention getting name. "Moondance" is much better. All the time that passed in the interim wasn't devoted to finalizing the plans packet, but a lot of it must have been, for it is a superbly organized, clearly phrased and profusely illustrated set of plans and instructions. The "study plans" come on a 19"x25" sheet of glossy coated paper with six clear photos printed along with a look at the construction plan and some of the many illustrations. John will send you this for \$3, and it's good for framing to hang on your wall after you get the building packet.

John is not an inarticulate person and tells his own story best, so I'm reprinting much of it from his study plan material as the best way to bring you this unusual approach to that dream of a "pocket cruiser".



25 Years Ago  
in **MAIB**



Moored at South Street Seaport was the "Shamrock", I assume one of Sir Thomas Lipton's Americas cuppers now enjoying a glorious old age as a polished cruising yacht. White topsides, lots of polished mahogany, and a Rolls-Royce type lounging on deck in the evening, drink in hand, just lounging. American royalty at ease on the East river.

A few weeks later I was reminded of the scene when I realized that I was seated in the very same posture aboard my own yacht, Moondance (white topsides, lots of polished mahogany) appreciating the evening, the water, the boat. There were a few differences. Instead of whisky, I had my concertina. I was anchored at the South end of Cayuga Lake, not on the East River. My horizons weren't South street and Brooklyn, but the sunset and Cornell. His boat was about eighty feet LOA., mine was smaller. My water was cleaner.

I had driven up from Binghamton (about forty five miles to the South) by myself that afternoon, my yacht on the car. Usually my wife comes up and we sail in the late afternoon and evening, anchor, and spend the night on the water. As usual for these "cruises", I had anchored early and was spending the evening making supper, playing music, and watching the water, hills, Cornell, ripples, reflections, birds, boats, stars, Cornell, the moon dancing on the water. Just watching.

As you may have gathered, this is an unusual boat. It's a truism in design (I'm an industrial designer) that new ideas stem from seeing a problem in a different way, and such is the case here. My different way of seeing the problem of boat design began when I was a kid and rigged a sail, of sorts, on an inner tube, and sailed down Lake Champlain. Years later, I realized that that "boat" had given a more intimate experience with wind and water (a pretty good, and maybe even original, definition of sailing) than all the more able craft I've sailed since. So, being a designer, I set about to design a boat that would come as close as possible to the inner-tube experience, but keep two people safe and dry.

It had to be so stable that capsizing wouldn't even enter your mind. As a Flying Dutchman sailor, I'm an expert on concern about capsizing. It was to be sailed lying down so your head would be as close to the water as possible, and small waves would become events. It had to be as small as possible, because in boats, as in other vehicles, the sense of motion is about inversely proportional to size.

The resulting boat, the first of four over the last ten years, turned out to be 10' LOA, 9' LWL, with a 5 1/2' beam. That's the widest boat for it's size I had ever heard of! It had a flat, clear deck about 6 1/2' long on which the crew sails lying down on lawn-furniture cushions with their heads propped up on storage bags used to store soft gear. Later versions had a hold for storage down the center, with hatches which could be removed for rowing or normal sitting posture. If that sounds comfortable, it is. Actually it's downright decadent. It seems to be some sort of requirement that everyone encountered on the water has to say 'that *sure* looks comfortable!', or some minor variation on that theme.

Of course, all this sounded like a good definition of a lousy sailer. You know, short water line, flat bottom, lots of wetted surface, and *all that beam!* It just didn't seem right. But from the first, the boats had all the characteristics I

wanted, were unbelievably stiff, and, naval architecture notwithstanding, sailed just fine! After a lot of informal comparison, they seem to have about the same performance with two aboard as a "Sunfish", and considerably better with six! But there are major differences between "Moondance" and more conventional boats in use and performance, all stemming from that extreme beam.

I'll discuss safety first because safety is first! Obviously the stability is a safety plus, but one of my fears before sailing the boat, even greater than my fear that such beam would make it a dog to sail, was that it would be as stable upside down as right side up. I soon found that Moondance was almost impossible to capsize, even deliberately. Like all beamy craft, it develops a lot of weather helm when heeled, and simply rounds up into the wind. It's strangely easy to right. In ten years of sailing these boats I've had only one capsize (not even any water over the gunnel!) and that was under freak conditions; high winds, steep chop, a first-time sailor at the helm, and the rudder came off. (a flaw since corrected!) The wooden mast and spars didn't let her turn turtle and she was easily righted. Since there's about twice as much flotation as I've ever seen, she floated high and level and was easily bailed out. The lawn furniture cushions sank.

For day sailing, about 90% of it's use, that beam gives lots of room for four, a dog or two, and storage for all the essential gear, cooler, banjo, etc.. I've actually had six aboard. She was perhaps a tad sluggish, but still had plenty of stability and freeboard.

Swimming off the boat is standard activity, and towels and blankets, stored in those soft storage bags, are standard boat gear. Freeboard is low and a big adult can come in over the side, even with no one aboard, without shipping water. Then there's plenty of room to laze out and dry off in the sun. Decadence rides again!

Moondance's stability makes her particularly appropriate for several groups of people not usually involved with sailing, and, being a shameless prosthetizer, this excites me. These include kids, and families with kids, rental sailors (often with minimal experience), learning sailors, and anyone with reservations concerning tippy sailboats, or perhaps more significant, anyone whose wife or girl friend has such reservations. My apologies for such a sexist remark, but the precise nautical term for anyone, female or otherwise, who isn't afraid of tippy boats is "*fool*".

But Moondance's most intriguing feature is that all that beam gives the room and stability for sleeping two, making it a cruiser. Not a camper in which you sleep ashore, but a real cruiser! For some reason the idea of sleeping two people on a 9' waterline hadn't occurred to me, but when I found out how stable she was, the idea was obvious. After all she was already a floating bed! My cruises are usually two or three days and nights anywhere a reasonable drive from home. Penobscott Bay, Lake George, Marblehead, Florida Bay (a less reasonable drive, but nice in January!) or my favorite, any of up-state New York's finger lakes. The light weight, 95 pounds for the hull, with the cartopping system in which you only lift half the weight at a time, frees you from the tyranny of launching ramps, and lets you camp on about any water you can launch a canoe on.. I think of Moondance as a clean, critter-free floating camp site.



Two standard cruising accessories are an electric motor and a self-steering rig. There seem to be endless applications of the electric that really change your outlook on travel under sail. You no longer worry about being becalmed somewhere you don't want to be; you can sail confidently downwind through narrows and areas of fluky wind without worrying about beating back; you can get out of the way of something big, etc. etc. The electrics are faster and easier than rowing, absolutely dependable, and almost silent. Being a real belt-and-suspenders type, I also carry oars.

The simple self-steering rig consists of a block of wood with a notch for the tiller. It slides along the top of the headboard held on by shock chord. Moondance will steer herself for long periods, with a little trim by shifting weight, on most points of sailing, freeing the captain for fixing food, bird watching, changing clothes, etc. I once actually fell asleep off Marblehead and woke up about a mile along the coast, still on course.

Due to it's size, basic simplicity, and stitch and glue construction, Moondance is about as inexpensive and easy to build as a boat can be. Full sized patterns let you transfer each part to the plywood, and the instructions are clear and very detailed, and illustrated with about 85 drawings and photos.

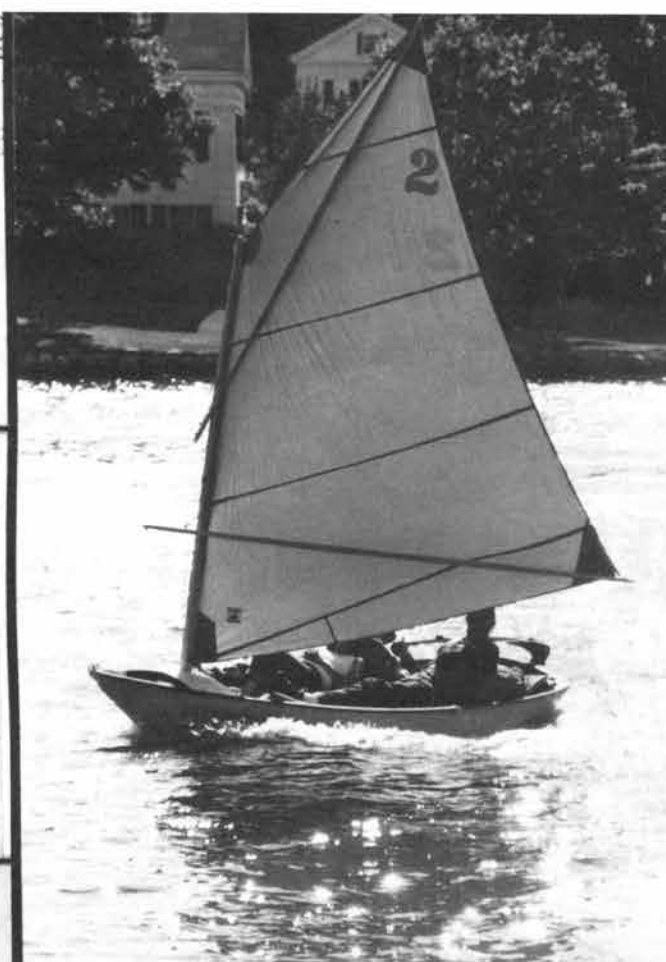
Over the years, our ideas of what qualifies as a "proper" cruising yacht have been repeatedly scaled down, with the result that this experience with wind and water has become accessible to more and more people. Amen. And there has certainly been no decrease in the intensity of the experience; quite the opposite. My intention is that Moondance will continue this trend and hopefully define the minimal craft for two-person, sleep-aboard cruising.

Instructions and full sized patterns, \$45.

THOMSON SMALLBOATS

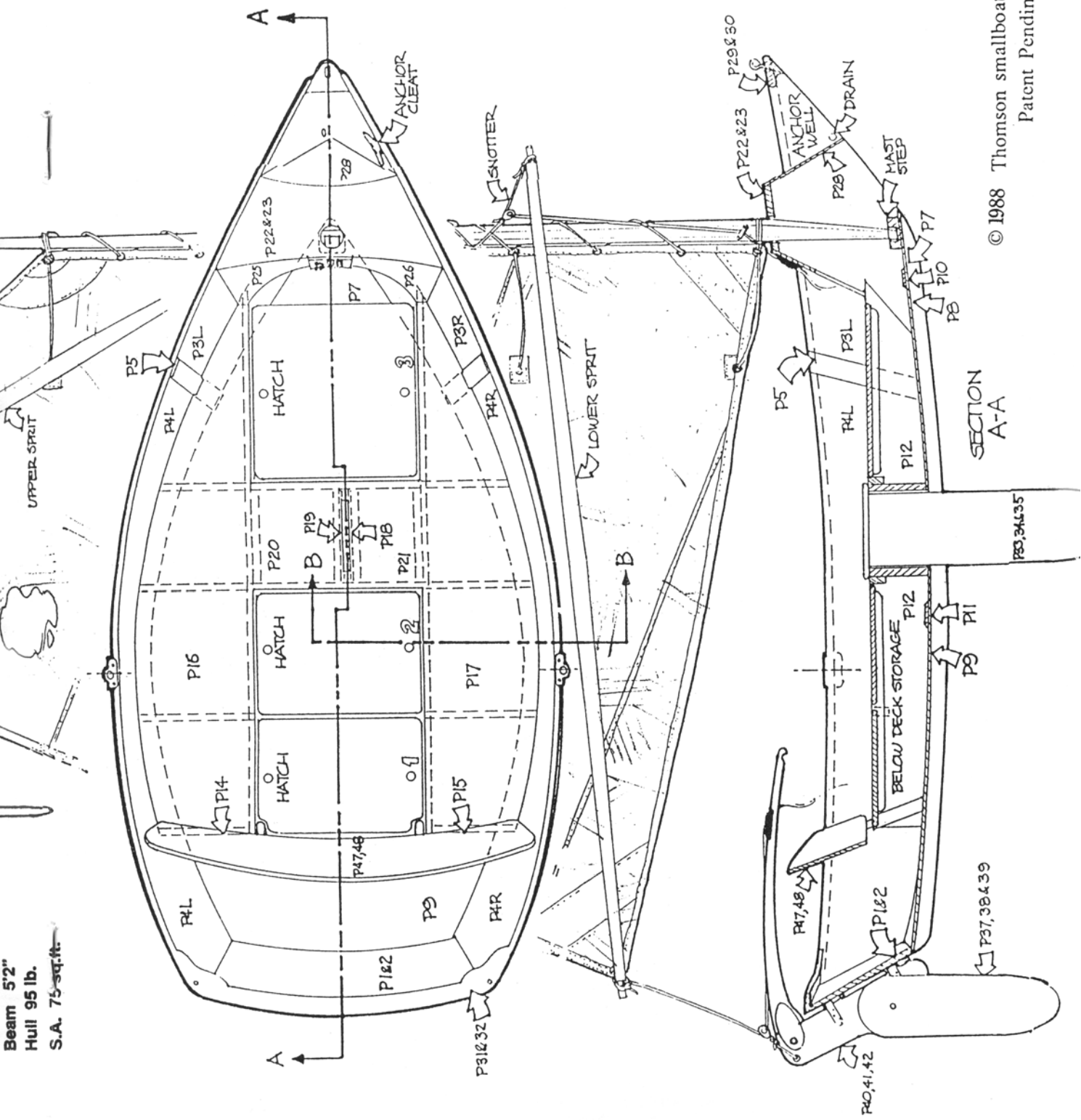
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Beam 5'2"  
Hull 95 lb.  
S.A. 75-sq.ft.



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Patent Pending

The first recorded ship built in America by English settlers was at the Popham settlement near the mouth of the Sagadahoc river in Maine about 1607. The Popham colony was established a few months after the Jamestown settlement in South Carolina but only lasted approximately one year before being abandoned. The settlers at Popham were more successful than Jamestown in some important ways; they managed to build a substantial fort and a practical seagoing ship while keeping healthy, recording only one fatality. The colony was not abandoned due to lack of practical success. Colony leader George Popham died during the winter and his successor, Raleigh Gilbert, chose to return to England on the resupply ship in order to claim a family inheritance. The other colonists decided not to remain without a leader and returned with him.

The ship built at Popham was named *Virginia* or *Virginia of Sagadahoc*. Few details of the construction have survived in the historic records. A small sketch of the *Virginia* was included in an official construction drawing of Fort George, the settlement built at Popham. A copy of the map was stolen by the Spanish a year or so later and recently rediscovered at the government archives in Spain. The *Virginia* had an interesting career, completing two transatlantic voyages, one of which included surviving a hurricane force storm.

When the Jamestown and Popham colonies were established the entire eastern seaboard of North America was referred to as Virginia and was entirely controlled by a private company, the Virginia Company. The first group of 120 colonists left Plymouth, England, May 31, 1607, and arrived at the mouth of the Sagadahoc River (today the Kennebec) on August 13, 1607, aboard the ship *Gift of God*. A second ship, the *Mary and John*, arrived on August 16.

Among the responsibilities assigned to the Popham colonists by their English sponsors was to prove that English ships could be built from new world forests. Construction of the settlement buildings was the obvious first priority since they arrived at the end of the summer. The first winter in Maine was much colder and longer than the settlers had expected. It would have been possible for the boat builders to cut timber for the keel and

## The First American Ship

By Stan Roberts



framing in the fall of 1607 and do some shaping of major parts during the winter, along with making the sails, but it is likely that the actual building of the *Virginia* was started in the spring of 1608.

English shipbuilding at this time used carvel construction which called for the keel to be laid first, stem and stemposts attached, followed by a skeleton of frames and beams. Planks were nailed flush with each other with either iron nails or wooden treenails, and all seams were sealed with oakum caulking and overlaid with tar.

### Dimensions of the *Virginia* were:

LOA: Approx 50'  
Beam: 14'6"  
Draft: 6'6"  
Freeboard: Less than 2'  
Deck: Flush deck design  
Displacement: Approximately 30 tons (keel x beam x depth = tons capacity. This was usually increased one third to account for weight of crew, stores, fittings and armament).  
Builders: Mr Digby (shipwright) and James Davis (master of *Gift of God*)

The *Virginia* was an example of the pinnace design, which had great flexibility since it could be rigged for a variety of tasks such as offshore fishing, coastal exploration and transatlantic passages. In early records of New England watercraft the shallop and pinnace are recorded as the most common types. Shallops were generally smaller than pinnaces, but usually the same general shape and relatively narrow beam to move easily under sail and oar.

The term pinnace was often more a reference to a type of use than a type of design in the early 17th century. A pinnace was often towed by a larger ship and used for inshore work or offloading cargo and passengers. There was no standardization of pinnace design, they were constructed from 12 tons up to 40 tons. Generally they were more lightly built, single decked with flat stern, and usually with a greater length to beam ratio than larger ships. Pinnaces typically used oars or sweeps to move during calms or in harbors. Probably due to its versatility, the pinnace was a preferred small ship design in the first decades of English settlement of the New World.

The *Virginia*'s rig was adaptable to multiple different configurations depending on immediate purpose:

Square rigged mainmast, gaff rig second mast, square sail under bowsprit and topsail.

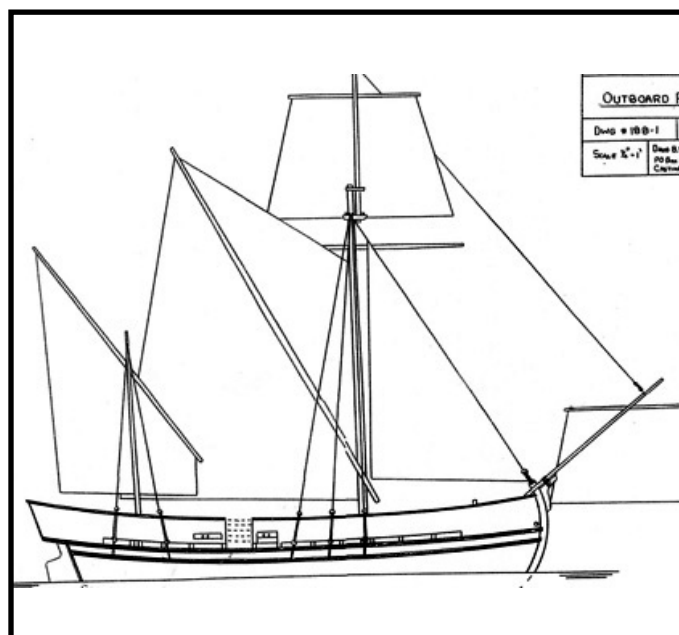
Fore and aft rig with sprit mainsail on a single mast with jib.

Aft rigged mizzen with lateen sail.

Sprit mainsail, square topsail, foresail and mizzen.

On October 17, 1608, Captain James Davis and 45 colonists abandoned Fort George, packed into the *Virginia* and returned to England. The rig used for this transatlantic passage was likely the square rig setup with gaff or lateen mizzen. The *Virginia* may have been the smallest ship to make a transatlantic passage at this time. For comparison, Columbus's smallest ship on his first voyage, the *Nina*, was 50-60 ton displacement at about the same LOA of approximately 50' but with more beam at 15'9" and slightly more draft at 6' 8".

The *Virginia* was obviously considered a well built and seaworthy little ship as it was later chosen to participate in Third Supply





Fleet for the Jamestown colony. The Jamestown colony had some chronic problems due to a poorly chosen site and the selection of colonists was not based on any practical knowledge or skills. They had a surplus of gentlemen, ladies, playwrights, dilettantes and soldiers but not enough carpenters, farmers and fishermen. In addition, relations with the native people were usually bad, which made trade and food gathering difficult. The settlers were faced with starvation and disease throughout the early years, making resupply from England essential.

The Third Supply Fleet for Jamestown consisted of *Virginia*, a small ketch, and nine larger ships with a total of 500-600 people on board. They departed England in June 1609, following a more northerly course than usual in order to avoid hostile Spanish ships. The small ketch was towed by the 100' 300 ton flagship *Sea Venture* under joint command of Captain Newport and Admiral Somers. *Sea Venture* was one of the first English ships dedicated to emigration. The fleet encountered a serious three day storm of hurricane force after passing the Canary Islands. The *Sea Venture* was forced to cut the tow line and abandon the ketch during this storm in order to survive. The ketch went down with all hands, but the remainder of the fleet stayed afloat.

The *Sea Venture* suffered serious damage and was constantly leaking. Some accounts of the storm were recorded, "in the taylor of a Hericano wee were separated from the Admirall ... some lost their masts, some their sayles blown from the yards, the seas over raking our ships, much of our provision was spoyled, our fleet separated, our men

sicke, and many dyed." A passenger on the flagship later recounted, "the ship in every joint having spewed out its oakum before we were even aware, was grown 5' deep with water above the ballast." Running before the wind under bare poles, desperately bailing and pumping, and without a navigation sight for days the *Sea Venture* finally sighted land as the storm abated.

Captain Newport deliberately beached the ship on the reef surrounding St Georges Island, Bermuda, in order to save the crew and passengers. The survivors of the wreck used a local cedar (very strong and light) along with parts from the *Sea Venture* to build two pinnaces, the *Patience*, 29', and *Deliverance*, 60', in the late fall of 1609 and spring 1610. These were the second and third boat constructions in the New World English colonies.

*Patience* and *Deliverance* set sail from Bermuda May 11, 1610, for Jamestown and arrived May 23 with 142 survivors of the *Sea Venture*. Two of the survivors are noteworthy; historian and author William Strachey, and botanist John Rolfe. Strachey wrote an account of the storm and wreck that was widely read in England. This account is generally considered to be the inspiration for Shakespeare's play *The Tempest*. John Rolfe carried tobacco seeds to Jamestown and, because of his selective breeding experiments, established the American tobacco industry. He later married the well known native woman Pocahontas in 1614.

There is no recorded account of the experiences of the *Virginia* during this storm. The *Virginia*, under Captain James Davis, likely suffered serious damage to

rigging and sails and also had to run before the wind for days, just as the larger flagship did. It is known that the *Virginia* did not arrive at Jamestown until October 3, a full six weeks after the rest of the fleet which survived the storm. The delayed arrival may have been due to a combination of repairs, navigational errors or possibly because Davis initially made landfall far to the north or south of Jamestown and took the opportunity to re-provision and explore parts of the coast.

In late October 1609 Captain John Smith, the leader of Jamestown during the early years, returned to England with the Third Supply Fleet. It was noted at that time that a small fleet remained at Jamestown to service the colony's needs. Among these were the *Virginia*, seven smaller boats and a canoe or two. The little ship finished out life as a multi purpose craft for the colony, fishing and exploring the coastal areas. *Virginia* was a good practical design and the first American boat built in the English colonies. She fulfilled her original purpose well and proved that seaworthy ships could be built in the colonies of new world timber.

### References

*Sea Venture*: Kieran Doherty  
*Virginia*: Wikipedia  
 Popham Colony: Maine's First Ship & Wikipedia  
 17<sup>th</sup> century blog  
 mfship.org  
 Line drawings, framing details and other information on the replica *Virginia* can be found at the website mfship.org

### A Brief Background

Reprinted from Maine's First Ship Website

As the Virginia Project expanded to the larger pinnacle in the 2011 summer season, Master Shipwright Rob Stevens, shipbuilder and restoration expert who built the *Snorri*, an authentic Viking ship, took charge of building the 51' *Virginia*. Supported by volunteers and the Summer Shipbuilding Program RSU#1 students led by shipwright West, Master Shipwright Stevens successfully led the efforts to lay *Virginia*'s keel, fabricate and raise four mid ship ribs and build and raise the ship's stem (bow). Students and volunteers also fabricated and raised 18 frames for a bow truss boatshed and enclosed it with a greenhouse plastic covering to preserve and protect the ship's structure during construction.

Master Shipwright Stevens, supported by dedicated volunteers, continued lofting and pattern making during the winter of 2011-2012 in his Hermit Island boatshop. Lofting and patterns for the 14 frames forward of the completed *Virginia* frames were ready for use to start the 2012 Summer Shipbuilding Program, however live sawn white oak limited availability in the spring of 2012 made it expedient to build our summer shipbuilding program around working white pine spars while awaiting oak delivery. Three white pines were donated and nine students commenced work on fashioning the main yard in July of 2012. Adult and student volunteers also worked on *Virginia*'s main mast and crowjack during the summer season, turning to frame construction in August when white oak shipments began to arrive. Oak is now onsite sufficient to complete most of the frames by May 2013 when our winter season

## Maine's First Ship "Virginia of Sagadahoc"



ends. Hull planking is being purchased and will be installed by May 2014.

Our storm damaged boatshed had been rebuilt with stronger frames and as we transitioned during 2012 to an all volunteer construction workforce, volunteer participation

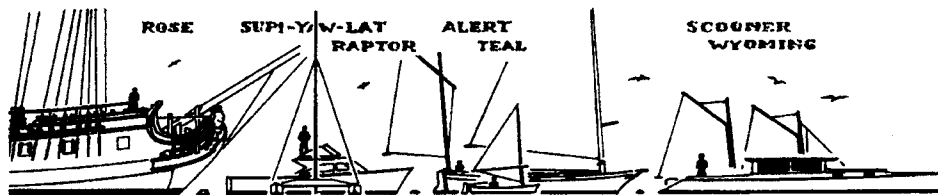
is at an all time high. During the 2013 summer/fall season the remaining ship frames will be cut, assembled and raised to *Virginia*'s keel and hull planking will begin. Planning for 2014-2016 construction and operation activities will continue.

### Recent Progress Report

Since October, work on frames both forward and aft has continued with a big 2013 season finale planned for New Year's Eve when *Virginia*'s final frame is raised. We've raised all the aft frames that have been completed (two more to go!) and assembly of the cant frames on the stem continues. Knight-heads, the foundation hawse timbers are in place on the stem, both starboard and aft, completing the back rabbit which has been carved into the stem to receive the planking.



*Virginia* volunteer and professional photographer Paul Cunningham puts the final touched on "Paul's Ladder," the stairway to the high rise work platform constructed at *Virginia*'s stern to be used for raising the transom and the aft frames.



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So, how many times can one work on the same layout to fine tune it? One would be surprised. Eventually though the fond hope emerges that good may indeed be good enough. Afterwards the nagging question remains, what took so long?

Let's walk through Model 4 from bow to stern. It seemed obvious eventually that the house door should open 180°. Thus the 20lb gas bottles on the other side ahead of the helm into recesses in the deck with small drains just inches above the waterline, but acceptable with clamshell deflectors.

In the house the biggest change is moving fuel tanks from the cockpit area to amidships where their variable weight won't matter. Shown are 2 x 50gal fuel tanks. But with two on each side we'd have 4 x 50gals for greater autonomy cruising.

And for greater autonomy sitting, just having found that perfect spot, two banks of 6 x 12v cell measuring 10.25"x6.25"x22.25" for 1100ah and a weight of 1,100lbs, a typical correlation in wet lead acid battery technology, here with a life expectancy of 1,500 cycles. Unless badly neglected, with modern chargers these might be in her for a long time to come, good home backup power should she be stowed on a trailer next to the house.

Obviously the wimpy alternator on that 25hp outboard won't but trickle charge these big units. But a wind genny and some panels will add to that. The point is that with that charge on hand, sitting quietly somewhere would be fine for quite a few days sensibly using whatever electricity you'd typically want aboard. Yes, there is one such battery bank per side for 2,200ah (@6hrs rating) and

## Phil Bolger & Friends on Design Champlain 28

### More Preliminary Studies

#### Part 3 of 2

28'x8'2"x1'8"x25hp

a lot of fine heft added to a hull which can take it.

More sensible folks might do fine with much smaller units and use the physical volume under the settees either for those 200 gallons of fuel or just to load and hoard more stuff instead. See which one makes you happier.

In fact, stowage volumes may seem tight initially until you look at what is where and things seem quite plausible, ample fuel, ample propane for cooking and heating with 2 x 20lbs, ample battery capacity, with wastewater tank at 65gals now under the cockpit sole (where not many other useful things would live anyway) and 80gals of water behind, keeping much of that combined weight pretty much in the same area of the boat.

Then there is the (hidden) galley in the crew's forward seats for, well, galley stuff, icebox next to the stove, the volume under the platform for the copilot's feet with more across under the pilot's seat plus the dais under the settees wide open for a fine wine collection, cans of grub(s), MREs, whatever.

The head/Wet Cell seems adequate with

enough related stowage, even towel shelves, all at full headroom. Access via a 22" sliding door, with light from a dead light, possibly an overhead hatch for the peeping crew.

Hanging locker across, with six shelves for neatnik order of clothes, ready for casual inspection by every visitor (!) unless the extra work for drawers seems warranted. A curtain might just do.

Three steps up into the aft cockpit, now offering 4.25'x6.5' of clear sole plus those two built in seats around the outboard cover, with their own volumes below for outside stuff.

And to make big Mo Boat magazine cover waves, a 50/60hp large prop outboard would fit fine.

Actually more trick is that tilt forward ladder that usually just hangs plumb vertical, with uselessly sloping steps. But to use it you'd pull the lower end aft, lock it in place and there is a decent angle to go up to the roof, with no serious loss of headroom right over the head. With that ladder moved to the other side of the companionway, good room is gained in the hanging locker area. And that feeling of being next to the edge now should seem about 2' away.

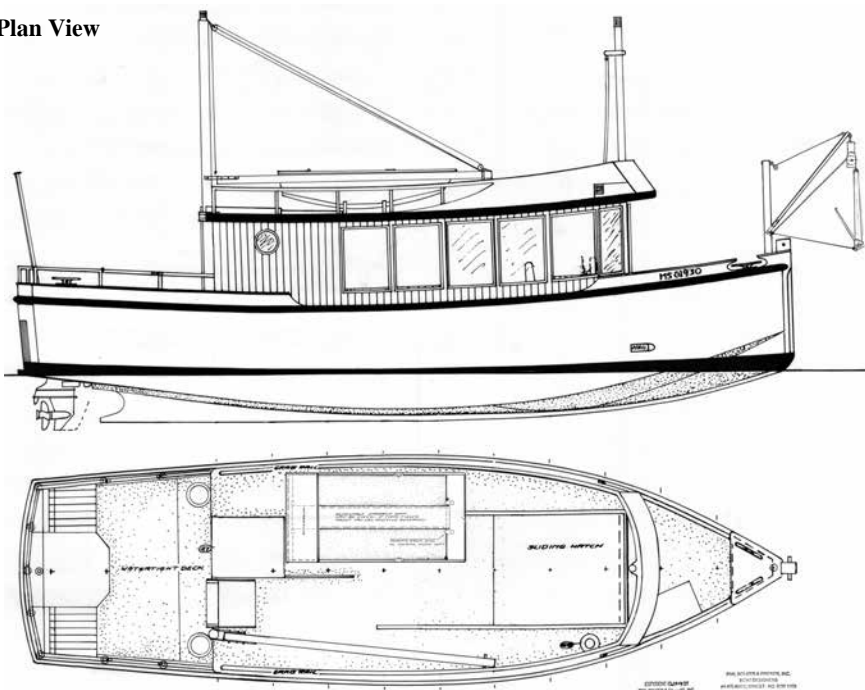
Almost forgot the volume under the bow cockpit, possibly best for rarely needed things accessible from within the cabin. No need to do another study on this end of the boat except to try for another cruiser correct expectation of some Diesel power. Which brings us to Model 5 with its front engine rear wheel drive geometry.

Shown under the forward hinged 30"x30" engine hood (yep!) is a conservative Volvo Penta D1-30 three cylinder 1.13 liter Diesel offering 27hp at 3,200rpm. With the gearbox the weight is around 310lbs, something that box keel seems explicitly made to cradle and carry. Some might prefer the somewhat faster revving (3,600rpm) Yanmar 3YM30, or...

Whether wet or dry exhausted is a matter of taste and relative complexity, with perhaps a dry pipe up to a muffler behind the visor a sensible approach to see the fumes blown up and clear. And a fine excuse to buy one of those stainless perforated exhaust pipe covers for butch appearance if they make one this small in diameter to run up the starboard wheelhouse corner, would there be a way to blow that pipe's hot air over the windshield in cold weather?

A long prop shaft indeed at some 19'6" of length, with at least one intermediate bearing a must. Seems sensible to splurge and soft mount the engine for smoother cruising, then a double CV joint shaft to what could be the thrust bearing, doubling here as the shaft's front bearing. A pillow block at the after end of the dais. Then the cutlass bearing as the third support. Might work fine, assuming the prop shop does not argue for an additional intermediate bearing. The fun to have trying to align those middle bearings with shims, etc, until hand rotating the long shaft seems the easi-

Plan View



est. Good thing that plywood hulls don't sag to throw the alignment out. With the Volvo and its 2.63 gear ratio box you are looking at 1,000rpm spinning under the floorboards. Fine conversation piece. Were it not for the polishing fumes to keep it presentable...

At the far end shown is a 16" prop with modest pitch. Fairing away that hollow center pad would immediately allow an 18" wheel. Perhaps even just a two blader on that modest power?! There'd be folks arguing either way. Phil's 31,000lbs 48'x11' *Resolution* did 8.9kts

with 22hp hand starting SABB two cylinder Diesel turning a 22" two bladed variable pitch propeller. And that might suggest not dismissing a smaller 15-20hp engine, assuming any serious economic gains could be rationalized after installations, prop shaft, etc.

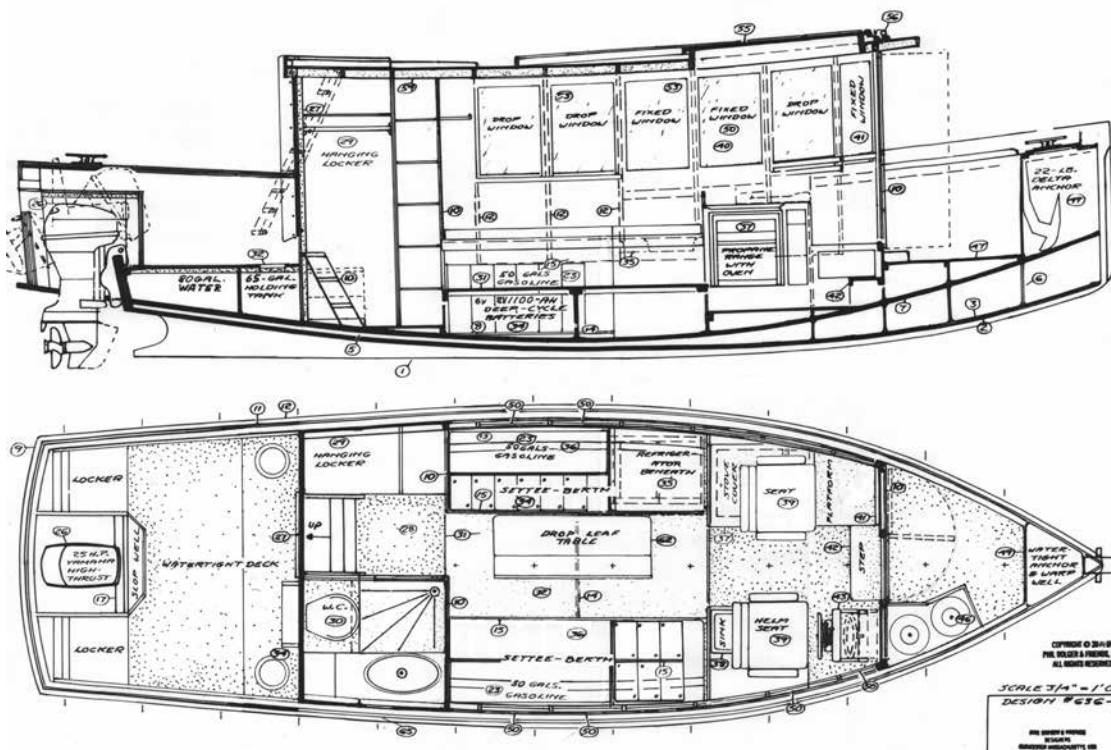
Sticking that engine in a more conventional "in cabin" location would save on the prop shaft mania but would really foul things up in her house layout. A bustle under the aft cockpit sole comes out too blunt. So, since popular in cars since the first hit the road, here any Diesel

dreams on this boat suggests the tried and true front engine and rear wheel drive configuration.

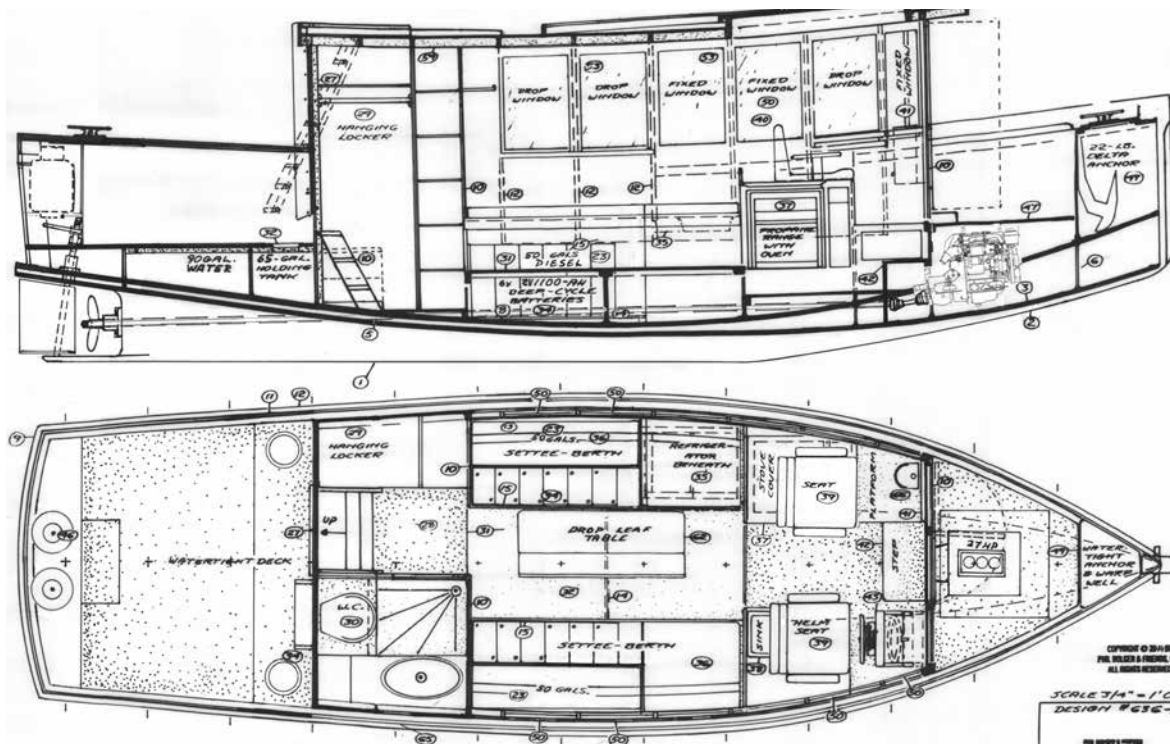
Whichever drive train would appeal, somewhat under addressed so far has been her appearance with the appropriate full nautical sticks and strings gear, 6' foremast and 12' cargo mast with 10' boom, Tortoise dinghy, and anchor davit attached, as in that out-board profile and plan view.

With that having been said, the next installment will discuss a very different layout and appearance on this hull.

Model 4



Model 5



Born a Piscean, I was always fascinated by water, whether bath, pool or beach. My summer months were occupied with swimming, rafting, boating, sailing and, of course, modeling. Two events in particular shaped my modeling career.

While I was at Camp Beech Cliff we had a model sailing regatta. I fashioned a facsimile of a gaff rigged sloop from a 2"x4", some nails, sticks, fabric and string. "Captain" Bill Tinkham constructed a much simpler vessel, rather like Thor Heyerdahl's *Kon-Tiki*, a flat plank with a square sail at one end. The course was a single downwind leg from one swimming dock to the other. "Captain" Bill's raft sailed directly downwind to the finish line while my little sloop reached bravely across the lake. I lost! But I learned a lesson about the parameters of performance.

In shop class at high school the challenge was to construct a model bridge to span a 5"x10" space with 16' of 1/8" square balsa strips. The test would be on a scale under a press, with pressure applied to a single point on a piece of boarding on the top of the bridge. The bridge supporting the most weight before failing would be the winner.

The other boys created scale models of real bridges with complex trusses and spindly uprights of the 1/8" stock. I used half my stock to laminate four 1/4" columns 6" long, which I then connected with a lattice of the remaining stock, bowed down in the middle to accept any bending of the piece of boarding as pressure was applied. It was a shame to see all the other beautiful models destroyed. I won! The other boys learned real bridges are designed to carry a load on the deck, the solid columns of my simple trestle carried many times the load of their accurate, but fragile, models.

Any vessel must be designed for the application for which it is intended, a sailing model is no exception. As a child I coveted an antique schooner yacht model Father had purchased. It had accurate multiple part sheets and halliards, tiny cleats fastened to the masts with black steel tacks, a pretty but non functioning steering wheel, little flecks of mica for cabin deadlights and a LEAD KEEL! I knew that meant she could really sail! In the water! Times changed and ownership of the little yacht passed to me. I stripped the rust blackened details, replaced the deck using pine strips, sewed new sails, renamed her *Norwhal* and launched her again for the first time in 50 years. In a gentle breeze she slips along gracefully, leaving hardly a ripple. However she is too tender for more than six knots.

I wanted to construct a model that would be able to stand up to a moderate breeze. I chose the hermaphrodite brig as my prototype and used the lift method with resorcinol and pine boarding to laminate and carve a powerful hull about 3' long. The glue between the lifts helped with shaping as they gave a visual indication of the vessel's waterlines. She had ten sails, working braces, sheets and halliards, silver spar end hardware and a lead keel. I worked on her over a two year period, finally launching her in 1984 as *Genevieve Grace*. I sailed her only once and I have only one photo showing the model in the background. On display at a nautical curiosity shop in Rockland, she sold later that year to an out of state buyer for \$1500.

My small ship modeling was interrupted in 1986 when I purchased the Maine built pinky schooner *Annie McGee*. At just 28'x9'x5" she is little more than a model

## Captain Yo's Flaming Fish Performance Models

schooner herself, just big enough to go on board. For more than 20 years I put much energy into repairing and rebuilding the old girl, including building a cedar deck, splicing a new gang of steel wire rigging, sewing sail covers, seat cushions and custom flags, installing a new motor (while afloat no less!), spar making, framing, planking, refastening, caulking and, well, you know the drill so to speak. When I wasn't sawing, or screwing, or sanding I spent my summers with *Annie McGee* cruising the Maine coast, offering sailing excursions and participating in historical reenactments. Since the economic downturn *Annie McGee* has been laid up, except for a brief leaky foray in fall 2012. She is currently undergoing more upgrade and repair for a projected launch in spring 2014.

With *Annie McGee* laid up I still wanted to go sailing, so I returned to modeling. In particular I wanted a sailing model for open water. I had learned such a model must be as seaworthy in every respect as any full sized vessel. In fact, more so as there is no crew aboard to hand and steer. Parameters include only rust free metals as small fastening sizes waste quickly. No tiny fittings, scale details are subject to breakage and may cause injury during handling. No making fast, all running rigging to be on sliding loops for quick adjustment. Stability increases with the fourth power of linear dimensions, so a sailing model must be beamier, deeper and more heavily ballasted than scale.

The scantlings, and the rig in particular, must be more robust in size and construction than scale, not to take the pressure of wind and wave but to withstand coming alongside the chase boat. The bowsprit must be quite stout, no spidery jib boom, because generally the bowsprit is the first part of the model that comes to hand at speed. All the rails must be stout enough to bear the entire weight of the vessel when it is picked up, with securely fastened caprails the fingers may hook underneath.

Special care is required when transferring a heavy model from the dock to the chase boat, or into and out of doorways and automobiles. I arrange the hatch so a hand may be inserted into the opening and under a deck beam at the balance point as a convenient handle for carrying the model. The functional stand is rugged, too, and may be clamped to a thwart to prevent a gust from blowing the model over into the bilge. It is a test of anyone's small boat handling on a breezy day to lift a big model out of its stand, hoist it clear of the rail to launch with everything still set correctly, then hastily bend the oars to get out in front again to protect and intercept.

These days I prefer to carve the hulls from a single block of cedar as it finishes more easily than pine and is often available free. I do some lamination with epoxy for grain run out and rot pockets. Mahogany and teak strips discarded by local boatshops are useful for rails, coamings and hatches and spars are fashioned using straight grained spruce split from 2"x4"s gleaned from the dump. Scores of tiny lignum vitae blocks,

deadeyes and bowsers are individually drilled, carved and sanded for the rig. Copper wire in several sizes is used to fabricate rigging hardware, natural cotton duck for sails. The single most expensive bought item is the imported tarred Irish hemp three strand marline for standing rigging at \$100 for a 11b ball. I measure twice and cut it once! All in all it is a complex project, requiring a number of design and fabrication skills.

It is worth it all to watch the small ship standing bravely out to sea, heeling to the wind, leaving a foaming wake. Though lacking in fine detail, these models are proportioned to approximate the appearance of the former vessels they depict. From 20 yards the ocean sailing models are difficult to distinguish from a distant image of the real thing.

*Santa Maria*, the well known but undocumented Columbus discovery ship, was an experiment with a long obsolete rig. By a quirk of masting, the foreyard braces around further than the mainyard. On a reach, when she gripes, the weather leech of the mainsail luffs, moving the center of effort forward, pulling her head off the wind. The admiral described *Santa Maria* as "heavy and slow." The model recapitulates that unflattering description, however, one can see in her stability a vessel that could be counted upon to carry ancient mariners successfully across an unknown sea.

*Robert and Rebecca* depicts a cargo vessel from the final flowering of deep-water commercial sail. Perhaps spurred by long buried memories of the humiliating loss to "Captain" Bill's raft, the challenge I set myself was to construct a model that could be made to hold a course off the wind as well as on the wind. To that end I designed a three masted barquentine with a working centerboard. I reasoned with the board up she would head off and with the board down she would head up.

As it turned out the vessel exceeded the size limitations of my test tank and she was initially ballasted to trim by the head, requiring removal of some of the lead casting (quite a trick with all the rigging in place!) and extension of the skeg aft. The three masted configuration required the centerboard to be aft, or forward of midships. Though a forward placement for the centerboard may be more prototypical (yes, some barquentines had centerboards!), however, in retrospect, I believe placing the centerboard aft would have improved downwind stability more than placing it forward improved weatherliness. Still, on a reach she clocked 2.3 knots on GPS in six knots of breeze. Performance is the goal!

I am considering several prototypes for my next model; slaver, revenue cutter, chasse marea, 1890 cup racer. My choice will depend on what wood may be available. I shall also be making small one piece models as gifts for youngsters, perhaps with wind up rubber band power reminiscent of toys I played with a child. I will accept a commission to model your favorite vessel and you may peruse my fleet at [www.flamingfish.net](http://www.flamingfish.net).



I imagine most people involved in a craft, be it a hobby or on commission, begin dreaming about or planning their next project before the current one is completed. I'm one of those people and before Ella's cradle boat was fully riveted, sanded and varnished, I wasn't far from pushing the tab to complete my online order for the Gloucester Rocker plans. The plans, drawn by Buckley Smith and available through *WoodenBoat*, come as full sized patterns with an instruction booklet. The instructions seem somewhat hastily put together; a jumble of quick sketches, some in freehand perspective, interspersed with handwritten text. They belie the amount of thought and design that went into putting together the first prototype.

Looking at the finished rocker the other day, I realized anew my thinking that the plans were better for not being developed for the mass market. They seem more like a handwritten note passed from one parent to another, describing a compulsion to create and the joy achieved in delivering a handmade heirloom to their child. Now that we have slapped each other on the back, made a toast to fatherhood and wiped the tears away, let's walk downstairs to the basement and build the boat.

The hull for the boat is modeled after the dory, a type of craft familiar in the Northeast, and the most noticeable assimilation of the type can be seen in the transom. It has that familiar squashed trapezoid shape atop an inverted triangle, something I've always referred to as the dory diamond. It is simply the cutest thing at this scale.



The provided patterns are not just for the pieces of the boat, the building jig is also drawn to scale and is easily put together on a corner of a typical work bench (typical is perhaps not the correct word to describe my situation, as my bench top is actually a repurposed front door from my old apartment). The first pieces to go onto the building jig are the stem and transom. These are simply screwed and clamped into place. The screw holes end up in inconspicuous areas and are easily hidden when filled. A singular central mold establishes the beam and eventual volume of the boat.

The plans offer options to plank the hull with one plank or with three in lapstrake. I first thought to plank the boat with one and cut the pattern using some sapele plywood I had left over from a previous project. There was no way this piece of ply was going to make the required bend. I looked again at the directions and gathered that Mr Smith must have been designing with suppler woods in mind. The sapele was much too rigid.

I also had occume ply and made the paradoxical deduction that by deciding to build her in lapstrake, complicating the process, I'd actually simplify matters by having to bend narrower pieces. After cutting the planks out in the narrower widths specified for lapstrake, I still found the bend too severe. I again worried that I'd break the pieces before I had the chance to clamp and screw them down.

## Ella's Rocker

By Andy Slavinkas  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the  
Delaware River Chapter TSCA

What to do? Not too far from my workbench (which incidentally uses an old chandelier as a work light) I keep the small steam box I used for the cradle boat I built a few years ago. It was just the right size to hold the planks for the Gloucester Rocker and I thought, why not? I expect a little bit of hate mail after telling everyone that I steam bent plywood for a boat, so let me explain that in no way do I condone the practice, but darned if it didn't work wonderfully for this project! Things were moving along nicely now.



After the steaming, I left the plank clamped in place for a couple of days to take a set. My preference was to stain the planks instead of paint them. I applied the stain in two operations, once with a brown stain and soon after with a black one. The layering of the colors provided a nice depth to the surface. I stained the planks before securing them so that any future use of glue didn't seal the wood against taking the stain.



The first planks, i.e. each garboard, simply needed fair lines and adequate screws to make them secure. Successive planks required spiling one edge to mate against the adjacent one and cutting the gains at each end for them to lay against the stem and transom in typical boat building fashion. I didn't fuss with the laps and rolling bevels as I would have with a real boat, just enough to give it a nice fit. Again, I stained all newly exposed areas before gluing and screwing things together.



After the boat was planked, the inwale and outwale were steam bent into place and the handle was cut, beveled and installed. This left one of the most difficult pieces to fit, the seat. It is designed to extend the entire width, from port to starboard, and to be secured directly to the inside of the hull surface. The chore can be described as trying to fit a board to the inside of a squished cone. I'm not ashamed to say it took me two pieces to get it reasonably right.



With the hull complete, it wasn't too difficult to fit it to the cross bracing that rests atop the rockers. The severe angle of the hull sides required a sizable bevel to be cut into the cross braces and I took my time, filing away little by little before the hull rested securely. The patterns for the cross braces and rockers are designed to mimic a splash or bow wave. I feel that this is where a prospective builder can exercise a little creativity of their own. I cut to the lines but shaped them to my eye, taking a little here and there until I felt it looked right. One of the other liberties I took was to add an outside stem. If I were going to paint her I could do without the additional piece. As mine was to be finished bright, I felt it simply made it look more like a real boat.

Ella may have used the rocker only a fraction of the time it took me to build it, but that look in her eye as she unwrapped it, made it worth the while.



I don't think of myself as a particularly rabid price shopper, but more out of curiosity (you know how that worked out for the cat) than anything else, I do like to know what things cost. I enjoyed John Orlando's article on the restoration of his 22' Marshall catboat in the May 2013 *MAIB*, complete with his dismay that even though he had done some of the work himself, when he added it all up at the end he'd still spent \$31,550! He admitted that his "big mistake was not keeping track of the expenses." My answer to this is the same one I have for our customers. Would you want to stop halfway through, and if you did, what would you have? In my mind, restoration is a process that, once started, needs to be completed. The "damn the torpedoes" attitude is the only one that makes sense. I see half finished boats offered for sale all the time and they really don't have much enhanced value over the project as still unrestored.

I would contrast John Orlando's forthright admissions with another restoration article, this one in *WoodenBoat* #234 (September-October 2013) about the conversion of power from vintage gas to electric on *Vagabond*, a 40' 1909 Consolidated launch. This was an admirable and very interesting project and various options and decisions were discussed extensively in the article. The only detail left out was the cost, which would be of some concern, perhaps, for someone contemplating a similar conversion.

I wrote to *WoodenBoat* protesting this omission in the hope that I might elicit a response. All I got back was a nice form letter thanking me for my interest. I wouldn't have thought the cost would have been some sort of state secret, but somehow there was an aversion to sharing it.

In the mahogany runabout world, most of the well preserved boats, the so called "easy projects" have been found and restored and what is left is a collection of boats that pretty much need one of everything. Whether they are worth restoring, or really rebuilding, is always debatable, but my business has hung on this debate for years and we continue to have it.

Right under the surface is the side issue of whether the boat resulting from a major rebuild is really a replica. It's more than semantics because there are true replicas out there, hopefully not passed off as "original boats." In my mind, and fortunately in the official policy of the Antique and Classic Boat Society, if you start with a vintage boat, take off pieces a few at a time and replace them, you still have that boat when you are done, even though you've replaced all the wood. Having original hardware and running gear helps and finding the manufacturer's hull number is important, but essentially it's still "start with a boat, end up with a boat."

This process of making one of everything seldom makes economic sense. For something rare or special it can sometimes be justified in purely investment terms, or if it's your grandfather's old boat, are you going to cut her up and burn her? But for many runabouts, far more can be invested than will be recovered, at least in our current economic climate.

Runabout values peaked, along with most everything else, around 2007 when people could still refinance their home, take out enough cash to buy that cottage on the lake and then go shopping for the vintage runabout they'd always admired. Now in 2014, *Classic Boating* magazine features a page, complete with prices, of "recently sold boats"

## Best Case Scenario

By Boyd Mefferd  
Boyd's Boats, Canton, CT

that is discouraging, even depressing, to read but still informative. Boats that wouldn't bring their restoration costs before are now all that much further behind it.

As I said before, the proverbial "easy project" is something we seldom see, but can always dream about, and once in a while dreams do come true. This summer I came across a 1948 17' ChrisCraft twin cockpit that was not only remarkably well preserved, but was something that I had tried unsuccessfully to buy almost 20 years ago and had been trying to keep up with ever since. I've said before that even exceptional boats that I've purchased and moved along tend to blur in my memory, but the "ones that got away" stick with me with remarkable clarity. Consequently, it was almost impossible to pass on another chance to buy something that evaded me in the past, particularly when there was a good story attached to my earlier failure.

In the late '90s I'd heard about a mythical ChrisCraft that had been put in a barn in the mid 1950s, when she was just a few years old, and had never even been refinished. Hardware had never been off the boat and she was as original as they come. I made arrangements to go see this remarkable find and she was pretty much as described. The barn roof had leaked a bit just over the aft deck which had a little rot, but other than that, and some oxidization of the finish, she was just as delivered from ChrisCraft in 1948.

I wasn't the first to learn about this boat. I knew from the boat world scuttlebutt that other people had tried to buy and failed, but at the time I didn't understand the reason why. Not wanting to mess around, I offered \$8000 for a boat that at the time wasn't worth much more than \$5000 and promptly joined the ranks of those who had been refused.

The owner was an elderly man who had worked all his life as a welder. Somewhere along the line he had purchased or inherited a 120 acre parcel of land with a long frontage on a major road. His home, and the barn with the boat in it, were in one corner of that parcel. As development reached out from Hartford the land became obviously desirable and there began to be inquiries about selling off the frontage. "Would he be willing to look at a contract?"

Well, "yes, he would." Real estate lawyers from New Haven brought him one with instructions to "look it over and tell us what you think." The welder probably had "unsophisticated seller" written all over him and they smelled blood. The next step, according to the man who owned the boat, was the classic salesman's opener, "Well, how do you like it?"

The owner replied that it all looked good except for one little detail.

"What's that?" the lawyer replied. "Nothing's set in stone, We can make changes."

"The decimal point is in the wrong place," was his reply. They had offered \$750,000 and as he proudly told the story, they brought him contract after contract over the next few months but finally balked at going over \$6.8 million. They told him that they were tired of his antics, to sign or they'd start to look at other locations for their shopping center. Not wanting to start over with

another prospective purchaser, he signed. All of his life he had been forced to take offers because he needed the money, but now he didn't. A friend who had gone with me to see the boat accused him of just playing games, that he had no intention of selling the boat and just wanted to tease people. "I enjoy playing games," was the reply.

Several trees with 8"-10" diameter trunks had grown up just outside the barn's garage doors. He said that when we drove by and saw the trees cut down, we'd know that the boat was sold. Eventually, several years later the trees, the barn and the house were gone. I correctly assumed that he had passed away and the rest of the land had been sold.

I found out that his son had taken the boat. He did not want to sell her or have her restored, so there she sat for a number of years. My friend knew his cousin, so from time to time I would have him check, but there was no change in the status of what I came to call the "decimal point boat."

Then on my birthday in early September I got one of those "free information" calls where I'm supposed to tell someone what something is worth without ever seeing it. As the person on the other end of the line described the boat, I came to suspect that he was asking about the decimal point ChrisCraft. Finally I stopped him and asked if there was a little rot on the aft deck.

"How did you know?" he asked.

I told him that I'd been following the boat for years but apparently missed the moment when the son eventually offered her for sale. Actually, it turned out that the son had sold earlier in the summer. From the cousin I learned that he had health problems and probably wondered what he was doing keeping the boat that he would never use. Anyhow, the purchaser had every intention of restoring the boat but, as boat people do sometimes, found something larger down at the shore that took all his spare time. He had the good sense to offer the decimal point boat back for sale before she deteriorated in his yard, which was where I came in.

I asked the free information guy what he planned to do with the boat and he said that although he recognized the value of her originality, he wasn't really a boat person and probably was just going to turn her over. I told him that was easier said than done and would he consider giving me the seller's name and number in exchange for a sure fire finder's fee? He agreed and I found that his prospective deal was at \$5500. I went the next day and it was the decimal point boat and, after almost 20 years, she was finally mine.

I felt like the lovestruck kid of my youth with the question after all the chasing and courting, "Now that I finally have her, what do I do next?" To just try to turn her over for a profit seemed like a rather anticlimactic end to the long epic, but time and time again restoring on speculation had proven to be the kiss of death. We weren't particularly busy for the fall and, this being a special boat and a special opportunity, I decided to see what a spec restoration would be with the "best case scenario."

I knew that for this model, worst case could hit \$80,000-\$90,000. How much difference would there be with one of the best preserved boats I ever had? Could we keep it under the fair market value? If you know restoration, you know the answer and can stop reading now, but unlike *WoodenBoat* I will share the details.

The seller's father was an auto mechanic but not an antique and water auto mechanic, so after 60 years he put gas, electricity and water to the engine and it started and ran. He proudly put this forward as a sales plus when showing the boat. He did not know of my long history with her and that I was going to buy her, no matter what. Knowing that it did run was good, but knowing that it had been run, after 60 years sitting, was a little scary.

We do not do major motor work here so I had to decide between leaving it as is or pulling it out and sending it out. Finding an engine problem after the boat is done and launched is something to be avoided whenever possible. Pulling an inboard engine back out is wasted effort (you outboard people don't know how lucky you are). Discussing the situation with the engine shop, he was more dismayed than I had been with the running after 60 years storage and strongly recommended a total disassembly to check everything out.

As it turned out the bearings were checked with plasti gauge material and all showed very little wear and no damage from running. Valves were rusty and needed a valve job, but otherwise OK. Carbs (three) and fuel pump needed rebuilding (the seller had cautioned me about this), the starter and generator were done for good measure. The gearbox needed one clutch plate. Everything was sandblasted, primed and painted, assembled and ready to install as a show quality engine. The cost was just under \$10,000 with \$13,000 to \$14,000 for a total show quality rebuild. "Best case scenario" was ahead, but not by much. We had a beautiful engine from one of the best shops that would go to any show and be judged without any point deduction. Plus, it was the original.

I confidently assumed that we would make up ground with the actual hull, which was in remarkable condition. By 1948 the ChrisCraft Corporation had started to recover from lumber shortages brought on by WWII

but still used cedar for the bottoms on many models. They have proven to be remarkably durable so we had hopes. We turned the boat over and found the bottom loose in places, but with no damaged or deteriorated wood. This is not a first, but definitely uncommon.

We decided to change all the fasteners to silicon bronze and this firmed everything up. The seams between the bottom planking had an average gap of  $\frac{1}{8}$ ", not surprising after the long storage. With luck, they will swell tight when she is first launched this spring after 60 years. Caulking bottom seams is the beginning of the end and should be avoided when possible. We generally advocate for bottom replacement so I am on thin ice with this decision. I won't know until she either swells tight or doesn't. I don't want to think of "doesn't."

It was naive to think that the water dripping on the aft deck only damaged the deck and sure enough, since she sat bow high all those years, water had settled where the keel joins the bottom transom frame. The last 8" of the keel where the rudder stuffing box mounts had deteriorated, but the rest of the keel seemed fine. We opted to put an 8" "clip" on the keel and secure it with upper and lower stainless steel plates since there is a substantial force on the rudder and no room for a more traditional butt block. The bottom transom frame was remade, the bottom plank changed and since a match of wood would be nice, we threw in the rest of the transom new.

Once she had been set back upright we explored the extent of the water damage on the aft deck and, as is always the case, replaced more than anticipated. Getting the correct Honduras mahogany was successful, as I described in my January 2014 article, "Wood Will Always Be Available," but it was fortunate that what needed replacement was relatively short and narrow because long and wide simply was not available. The match looked like a problem, but now that she has nine coats of varnish, it's hard to tell the new from the original. The dashboard was in such

good shape that we did not need to strip it, so on this piece only the original stain survives with just varnish added.

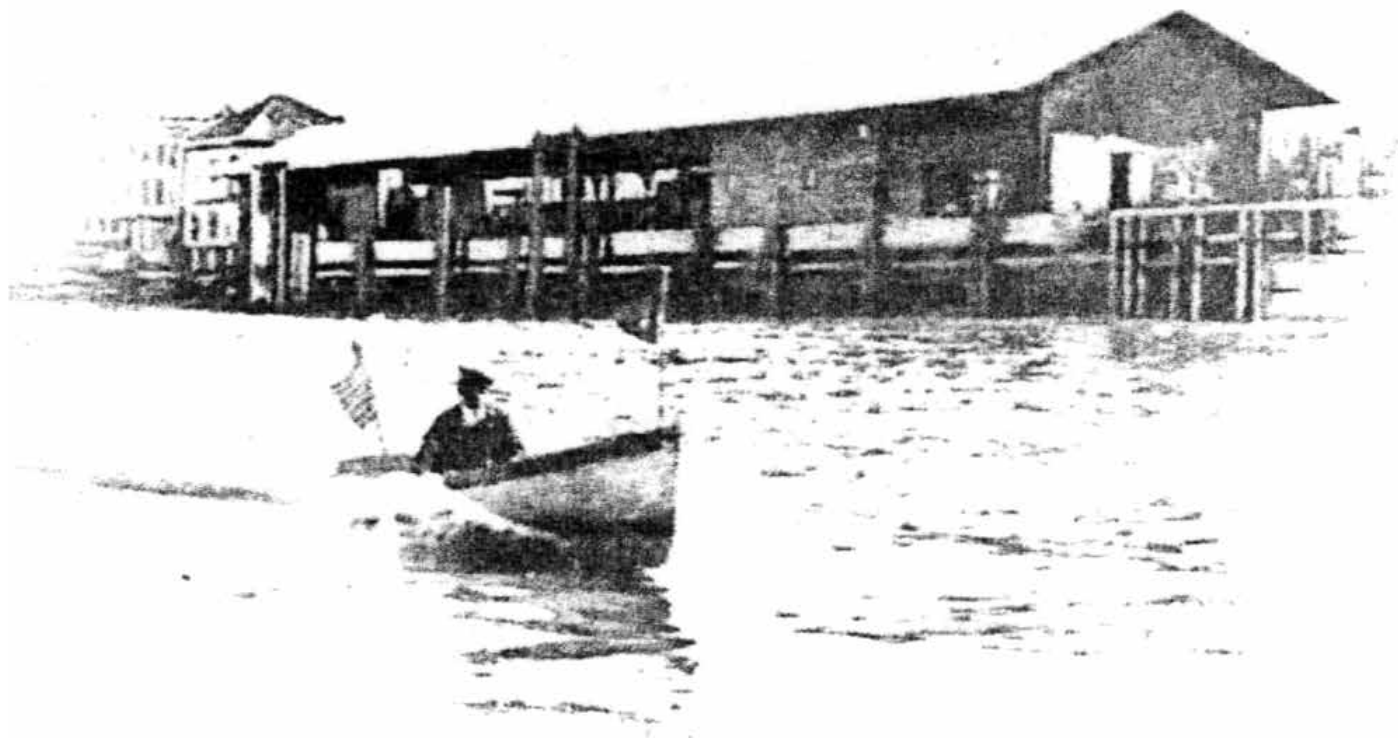
The upholstery was the original red vinyl but is faded badly and will be replaced. All the seat backs, supports and so on are original. I don't have the bill on the upholstery yet but hope it isn't more than \$2500. It's not a fancy roll and pleat boat, just simple panels with six cushions.

The chrome had tiny pits from sitting all the years but was otherwise perfect, so it was a hard choice between our favorite shop who mainly does cars that go to Pebble Beach and a decent, but more economical plater. Because this was sort of a special boat for me, and was becoming more special by the day, we opted for chrome perfection which cost \$4300.

New glass for the windshield was \$100, a new aluminum fuel tank \$500. Screws, varnish and sandpaper probably ran \$1000 and the mahogany was \$440. Before assembly we have 440 shop hours in this project and I'm guessing it will be at 500 or a little more before she is ready for the water. At \$60 per hour, this is \$30,000.

Now for the same experience John Orlando had with his 22' Marshall cat, our restoration totals \$48,840, plus the \$5500 to purchase the boat and the \$550 finder's fee, for a grand total of \$54,890 and I still don't have a trailer or a cover!

Restoration on speculation's reputation as the kiss of death remains intact. Competing 17' Deluxe Post War ChrisCrafts are all under \$40,000. It took me 20 years to buy this boat and it may take me 20 years to sell her. I'll be 92 then, probably too senile to "play games" like her previous owner, but now I know that "best case scenario" is better than "worst case" but still not good enough to come out financially intact. My old English teachers would have thought that "best" could not be "better," but how many boats have they restored?



Pete Peterson died in June 2013 at age 93 after a long, active life in professional boat building and model yachting. He is survived by Grace, his wife of 69 years, a son, a daughter, two grandchildren and a brother. Pete grew up in Fair Haven, New Jersey, a small town on the south shore of the Navesink River, where he skiff sailed model boats on the river with his father, Harold W. Peterson, Sr. In winter, Pete loved skating on the river. He was a competent figure skater, known to turn heads whenever he was on the ice.

Pete and his father were members of the Red Bank Model Yacht Club in the 1930s. An old photo shows a few members standing on the bank of the Navesink River next to their boats, including Pete's father, a professional boat builder (second from right), as well as professional boat builders Tommy Morrison and Dave Beaton, both "trained on the Clyde," in Scotland, as Pete would say. Pete could have been taking this picture at the time.

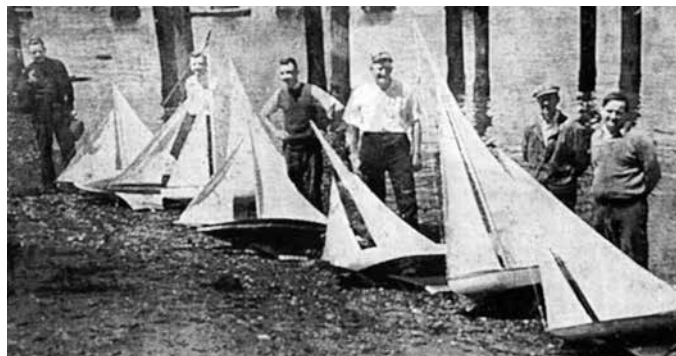
Members of the Red Bank WC skiff sailed Marbleheads on the Navesink, following and tending their boats with whatever rowing skiffs they happened to have. With an easterly or westerly breeze, this small saltwater river, which flows inland from Sandy Hook and the Atlantic Ocean, can develop a good chop. These Marbleheads were built by their owners to go straight from one mark to the next and to handle essentially open water conditions.

Pete had become skillful enough in skiff sailing to win a second place trophy when he was 17 years old. Although the engraved plate from the front of the plaque was lost over the years, the year 1937 is marked on the back of the plaque and Pete's son says that the trophy was for second place.



Pete's trophy, won at age 17. The Red Bank burgee lives on with the Spring Lake MYC.

The Red Bank MYC, 1930s.



## A Model Yachting Life

Harold W. "Pete" Peterson, Jr

By Harry Mote  
Reprinted from *The Model Yacht*  
Journal of the US  
Vintage Model Yacht Group



Pete at work.

One of the last Marbleheads designed and built by Pete's father was a double ender similar in form to a whaleboat, which would one day be adapted by Pete as a one design Marblehead for the reincarnation of the old Red Bank WC at Spring Lake, New Jersey.

Pete began his professional boat building career as an apprentice under his father at Peterson and Son Boat Builders in West Belmar, New Jersey. At the start of WW II, Pete went to work for Elco in Bayonne, New Jersey, building PT Boats. He subsequently moved to Annapolis, Maryland, to help build PT boats for England at Trumpy Yachts in a lend/lease program.

When Pete entered the Navy in 1944, he requested PT boat duty. Before shipping out he married Grace, his sweetheart from home in Annapolis. He was assigned to the 300' PT Tender *Oyster Bay*, a fully equipped mobile repair ship with drydocking capability and stocked with lumber, woodworking machinery and spare parts, including propellers, shafts and the Packard V12s that powered the PTs. Pete and his ship were based in the Philippines where they serviced and did whatever was necessary to put PTs back in

service after they were damaged in combat. After Pete left the Navy, he and Grace made their home in West Belmar, New Jersey. Pete would spend the next 41 years as a professional boat builder, mostly with the Johnson Brothers Boat Works in Bay Head and Point Pleasant New Jersey, earning the rank of Master Boat Builder along the way. Pete's work involved the construction of large and small sail and power yachts.

One of the highlights of his career was the construction of eight replicas of the 40' Durham boats that were used in the 1976 reenactment of George Washington's crossing of the Delaware on Christmas Eve and almost every year since. Pete also built a model of these boats, which resides in the Welcome Center at Washington Crossing State Park, Titusville, New Jersey. Pete participated in the 1976 reenactment, crossing the Delaware in one of the Durhams, in full period costume.

Upon retirement from Johnson Brothers in 1987, Pete shifted gears from building full size boats to models in a small shop behind his home in West Belmar. He and a fellow modeler, who understood fiberglass and molds, took the Marblehead double ender hull that Pete's father had designed and built in the '30s and used it as a plug to build a mold from which well over 60 hulls would be produced for a one design vintage Marblehead class.

After completing a few of the glass hulled Marbleheads, Pete ran an advertisement in a local newspaper to attract members to a proposed club. Pete officially founded the Marbleheaders of Spring Lake Model Yacht Club at a meeting on October 26, 1992, with 13 members present. The club was dedicated to the fun of building and racing the 50/800 class Marblehead mode yacht. The new club adopted the burgee of the old Red Bank MYC.

In the first few years, the club tried skiff sailing their boats on Spring Lake and other small lakes in the shore area. For those members who did not want to build their own, Pete built Marbleheads using the glass hulls of the 1930s double ender. He also built light 8' skiffs for members who wanted to skiff sail. But skiff sailing didn't last long. Most of the members were retirees who were not as limber and agile as they used to be and radio control was by far a better alternative.

In subsequent years the club grew to approximately 30 members, sailing the "double ender," as it was called. The model would officially become known as the Peterson One Design, complete with class rules. It also qualifies as a Traditional Vintage Marblehead under the USVWG class rules.

Early in the club's growth, Pete designed and built a V bottom 36/600, planked with

Skiff sailing at Spring Lake, 1993.





plywood for ease of construction, as a prototype for a "Ladies Boat." But there was not enough interest among the spouses who used to attend meetings and come to the lake to watch the racing and socialize. The model did, however, plant the seed for a future class of vintage 36/600s.

As interest in the Vintage 36/600 started to grow among USVWG members, Pete made sketches and built his first round bilge plank on frame 36. He would eventually build about 20 of these boats, each a slightly different variation on a theme, which would be sailed as a Traditional Vintage 36/600 class at the club.



A V36 being planked. Note the fit of the lower planks to the keel and the second course of planks at the sheer line for a graceful appearance. The gap will be filled by a shutter plank spiled in place, no easy task as anyone who has tried it will tell you. Pete explains the technique of spiling on our Building Planked Models video.

Pete inspired others to build their own boats. Several members have built their own double enders, as well as different vintage Marblehead and V36/600 designs, many of them plank on frame. Member built boats also include Skipjack 48s, 50" schooners, Soling One Meters and EC12s.

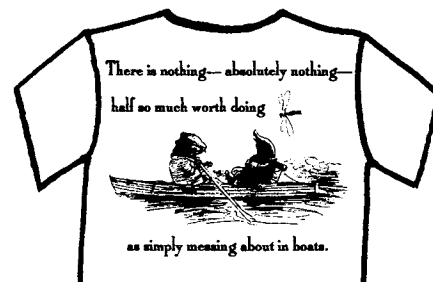
One club member borrowed one of Pete's 36/600 molds and has built two 36/600s with Pete's blessing. This same member is completing Pete's last V36, a boat Pete started before he became ill and was unable to complete. Pete was always looking forward to the next boat, planning and tweaking here and there to make it faster and better than the last one.

Another club member essentially served a model building "apprenticeship" under Pete, building a double ender, a Mad-cap from a Scott Todd glass hull and a skipjack in Pete's shop under Pete's supervision. Pete was always generous with his time and advice with anyone who was genuinely interested in sailing and building model sailboats.

Several years ago, in an effort to have an inexpensive entry level boat to recruit new members, a few members built or bought Soling One Meters, which as a fleet limped along until a new member picked up the Soling as Fleet Captain and ran with it. Today it is one of the club's most active fleets and provides an inexpensive way to begin model boating. The club also now has a relatively active EC12 fleet.

During his approximately 25 years of retirement, Pete built about 80 model boats, approximately 50 double enders, 20 V36/600s and four plank on frame Traditional Vintage Marbleheads to his own designs. All of his

plank on frame boats were built with spiled planking. He has won the Marblehead club championship a number of times and he has won the USVMYC Craftsmanship Award a few times. A few years ago Pete was given an award by the USVMYC for his contribution to model yachting which he valued more than any other. Pete's life long model yachting career has been productive and fulfilling by any standard and he made a significant contribution to vintage model yacht building and sailing.



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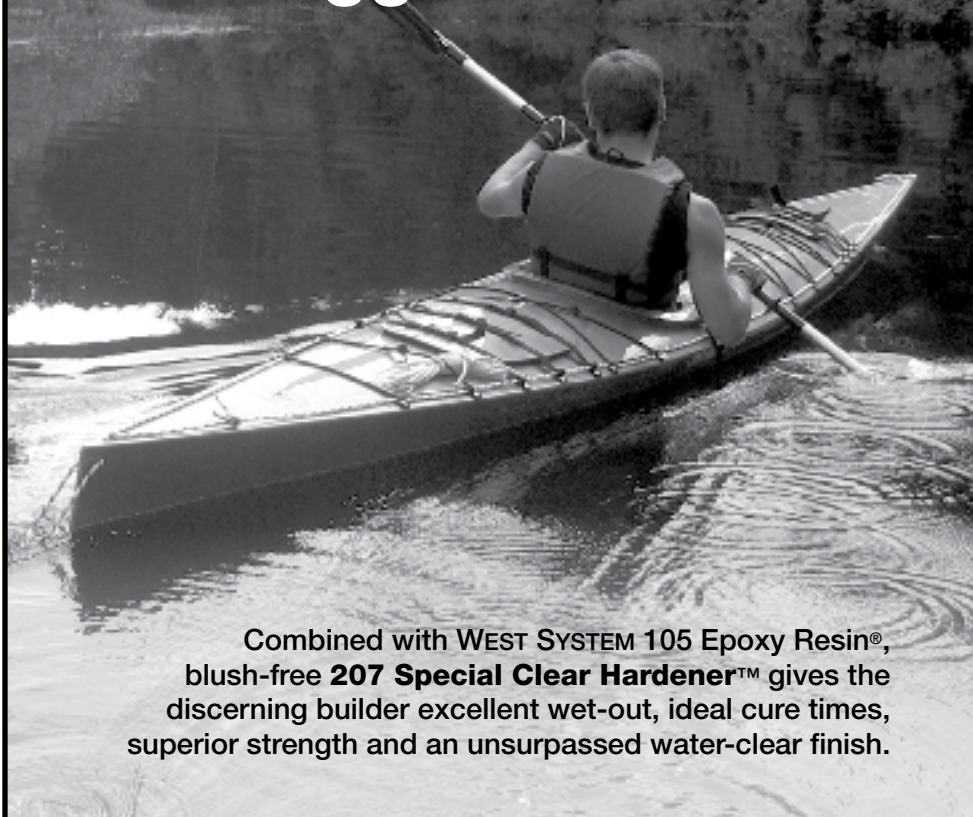
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# Boatbuilding

January 26

By Richard Honan

Busy weekend building of my 16' Mel-onseed sailboat. Hopefully the ice will have melted by the time we christen *Proud Mary II*.



I got the rudder gudgeons attached and cheeks installed on the rudder. This week I'll have to laminate the curved mahogany tiller.

Over the past few days I painted two coats of Interlux Pre Kote primer and two coats of Interlux Brightside Kingston Grey on most of the interior of the hull.



The floor boards were fitted and fastened.

...all the edges on the floor boards eased with a roundover bit on the router.



Screw holes counter sunk and fastened.



Measuring the shear clamps for mortising the laminated curved deck frames. Most of the interior was primed and painted so that I wouldn't have to paint under and around the deck frames. Fastening the mortised and epoxied laminated deck frames.



Looking over today's work.



Attaching the laminated curved stern deck frames.



Lot of work accomplished this weekend.

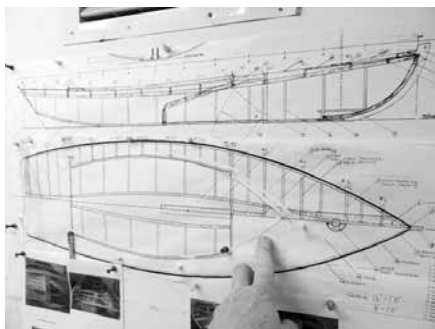
## February 8 King Planks and Side Deck Framing

I got quite a bit accomplished this weekend. I finished shaping and sanding the new deeper rudder. I decided to change the cockpit coaming from rectangular to V shaped. This should help divert any water which should break over the bow and send down the side decks or wash boards.

I cut out both the bow and stern king planks and installed both of them. My dog Lucky was there to offer encouragement, although he said he'd rather be chasing a ball on the beach. The shear clamps were mortised for the side deck frames and the carlings were cut and fitted. I then proceeded to cut, fit and attach the side deck frames.

Next up, laying the deck.





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Engraving on end grain wood blocks was one of the main commercial illustrative methods of the last half of the 19th century, reaching great peaks of craftsmanship in the 1880s and employing many people. It was soon, however, made redundant by the invention of the halftone process and today there are very few wood engravers.

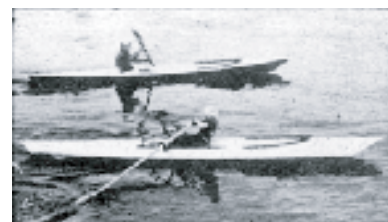
The Boxwood, a shrubby slow growing tree, provides a dense and smooth grained wood. Blocks are made up of small squares glued together as the diameter of the trees is small. They must be finished glassy smooth and type high (.918"). A very detailed drawing is transferred face down to the surface of the block, where it appears mirrored. Although engraved in reverse, when inked and proofed the image appears correctly. The block is placed in a leather sandbag and engraved with various small tools with the aid of a magnifying glass.

The process is painstaking, as a mistake can only be remedied by drilling a hole in the block, inserting a wood plug, flattening and re-engraving.

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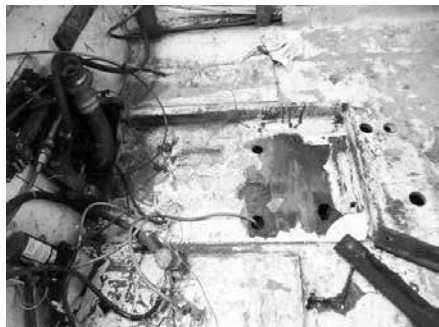
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Wouldn't ya just know it? Our snow is down to about ankle deep. We've been without precip, other than freezing fog, for the past couple weeks. It's the last week of January and *Roughneck* is just about ready to drag out of the shop and hoist back onto a trailer and go do a float test. Roads have been bare and the launch ramp I used to test *Shenani-gan* at just about this time last year is quite ice free.

Other than the 100% chance of snow predicted for tonight, and in diminishing percentages for the foreseeable future, that is, winter's back. Dunno if this means that *Roughneck* will stay in the shop for additional amenities. At any event, we're about three man days from "done" with the initial goal.

Someplace between five and six working weeks ago, we looked like this.



And at the end of two night shifts ago, pretty much like this.



Then yesterday paint can lids started popping like champagne corks on New Years. First everything had to be primed.



## Still More from the Moaning Chair

By Dan Rogers



And then finally, things started getting a bit more festive.



Probably tomorrow the deck will get a second coat, this time, with non skid added. I have the hinges to hang up the three gang "gull wing" arched top side window banks and the forward hatch. I have an extruded aluminum rub rail to hang, once the hull gets a protective film to resemble the coach roof top, good old Rustoleum Regal Red to be specific. The motors, batteries, fuel tanks, controls, etc, are all on standby. Admittedly I've given the notion of "work boat fit and finish" a bad name. A dirty job, but one in need of accomplishment nonetheless. I even think I know how I'm going to get this exceedingly tall girl to leap into the air and resume her position on the trailer.

Or, if winter is really back for a while, then maybe there will sprout a small galley cabinet and associated eating/reading table as well as wooden trim for this and that spot around the pilothouse. Either way, an abun-

dance of bull headedness and Motrin have prevailed over logic and a pain free life-style. This little girl is looking like she'll be out on the dance floor real soon.

"Remove from heat. Let cool. Store until needed."

Paint has been literally flying at *Roughneck* for most a week now. Red for the top, antique white for most of the insidterior, brown on the cabin and cockpit sole and red on the main boat part. Admittedly this is not the best time of year to be painting with about a 70° difference from inside the shop to outside, so I've been sort of hurrying the process.



But comes a fly to every ointment, I suppose. A couple weeks ago winter looked like a thing of the past. I figured that just about the next step would be to roll this opus out into the sunshine and back onto the trailer. Well, Mom Nature had some other ideas.



So it's on to some of the other ladies who have been waiting for their "elective surgery" throughout this building season. *Roughneck* needs to do a float test before much more sawdust making makes much sense.

Today is Super Bowl Sunday. I didn't even try to see if anybody could come over and help me push and shove, but the notion was to roll *Roughneck* out into the garage to await developments and the casters on the building cart must have all been up late last night. Not a lot of cooperation from those guys and, to be quite honest, I really



didn't know for sure that the whole shebang wouldn't just tilt up and do a *Titanic* impersonation as soon as I pulled the supports out. Right there, half in and half out.



the shop the whole time, about a foot from the wall, so I'll just have to settle for the "jury is still out" on that one. Until I see her in the water, at least. Anyhow, the whole time I was heaving and pulling those confused casters out into the daylight I kept thinking, "Man! That is sure one BIG 17 footer..."



A pretty tight fit but my bigger worry was it being too tall to clear beneath the boats hanging from the ceiling.



And there is a bigger worry. I had never actually been able to look at this home brew design from bow on. She's been jammed into



So here we sit until I can get a lifting padeye installed over the garage door. Oh yeah, and until I can bust the trailer out of the snow. In the meantime I've got to check the waiting room.

"The doctor will see you now..."

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A guy I know asked me, "What sorts of things have to be done to change *Lady Bug* from the original?" I guess I might have said, "Well, just about everything." But these are what just sort of popped up on the screen immediately. No wonder the poor thing eyes me suspiciously whenever I get close with a drill and bag of bolts.

Hobie 14 full battened main (about a 25% increase in sail area and air draft), heavy ex storm jib off bigger boat, no spreaders or backstay, wider shroud base and permanent lowers/adjustable inner forestay, gybe preventers in lieu of traveler or vang, internal halyards, lazy jacks system, mid-boom topping lift.

Halyard winches at mast base plus sheet winches with multiple cleat positions, adjustable headstay, removable boom crutch with rollers and anti snag shape for halyards and shrouds. Fixed gin pole and winch assisted mast raising system, off center mast and

## Changes to *Lady Bug* Certainly Not Stock Anymore

By Dan Rogers

boom stowage for easy cabin entry. Coming soon, aramid replacements for s/s shrouds and head stay to simplify mast stowage.

Electronic autopilot and tiller line control setup. Deeper rudder with forward rake and 6' tiller, kickup rudder (except that once).

Homemade breaker panel and junction box for half dozen branch circuits. Full electrical system including solar and shore power charging.

Stern anchor/roller and hawsepipe.

Trifold cabin hatch that stays in place when stowed. Aft facing cabin lounge chair, swing stove and minimal galley. Completely

redone cabin top stiffened to allow for removal of compression post.

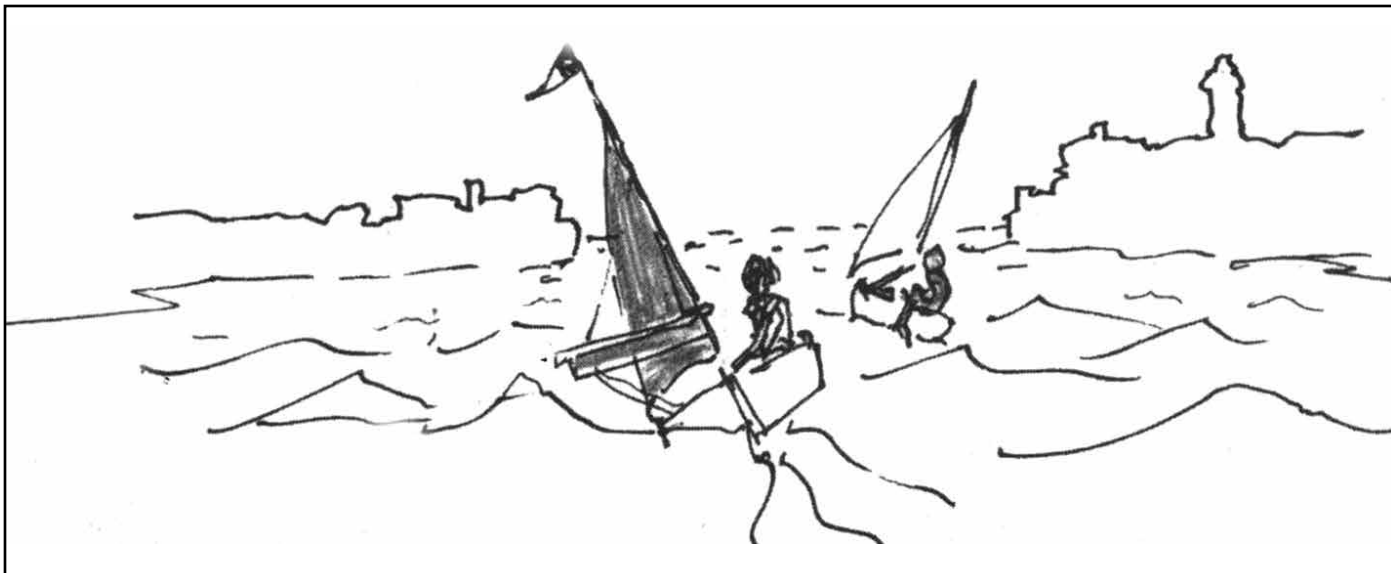
Full foam flotation.

And coming soon, a cockpit floor mounted motor well for easier operation and better weight distro (drag coefficients TBD).

Stern boarding ladder that works with boat on trailer, too.

Trailer with catwalk for launch and recovery without wading, offset keel guide, secondary light panel for stern pulpit to augment trailer lights, two speed trailer winch and articulated roller assemblies for launch without hull actually immersed, kayak storage on trailer tongue independent of launch/retrieval of sailboat. And coming soon, electric trailer brakes.

I've also prepped and painted the hull, spars and deck/cabin in the past year or so. There's probably more. But she's certainly not "stock" anymore.

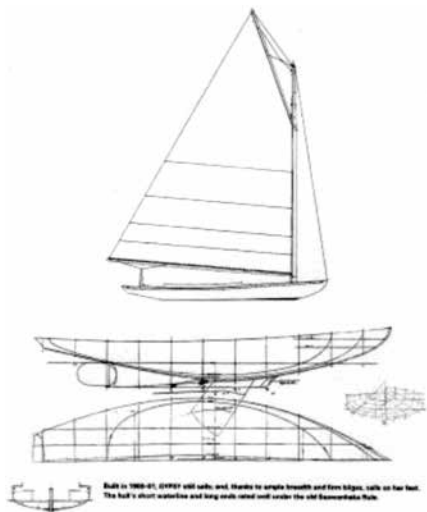


# Possible New Build

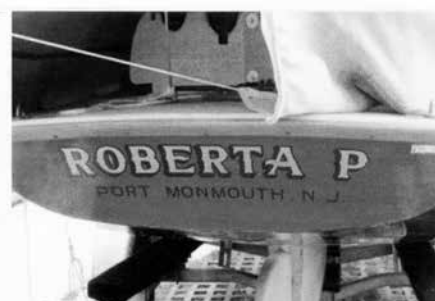
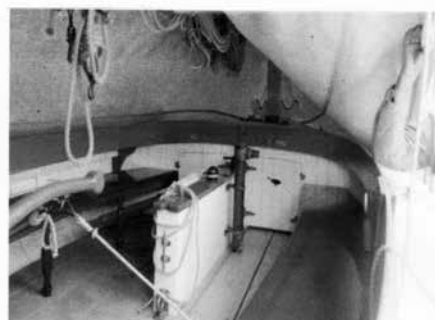
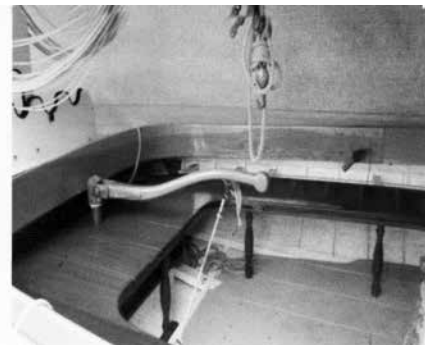
By Harold Bernard  
Photos by Tom Shephard  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter  
TSCA

I saw this boat in *WoodenBoat* magazine several years ago. I have been torn between two designs for my next boat. It has been a toss up between Gypsy and Joel White's 23' double ended sloop. Tom Shephard, my daughter Anna Marie and I went to visit Robert Pulsch in Port Monmouth, New Jersey, to look at his boat *Roberta P*. She is a Gypsy design.

The boat was designed in 1901 by B.B. Crownshield. There is a full article on [www.Artisanboatworks.com](http://www.Artisanboatworks.com). I had trouble getting the plans from Peabody Essex Museum, but Mr Pulsch provided me with a set. I made a lofting board and will begin 1/4 scale lofting. Wish me luck. I may look for a boat builder to build the hull if I chicken out.



LOA: 22'4"  
LWL: 14'2"  
Draft: 1'6" (board up); 4'6" (board down)  
Beam: 7'9"  
Sail Area: 311sf  
Displacement: 2,613lbs



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### Giant Jib for Red

This picture shows the giant jib we made for Red's little 8' boat. It makes a huge difference in the performance. I love seeing world class sailors out in our bay trying to get little boats going. Red had a charter boat in the islands for ten years and with him was Janine who's done it all; raced around the world, delivered big Swans and all kinds of other stuff. They're like the rest of the Tiki Hut guys when around here, back to basics, real real basics and drinking adult beverages.



### How Texas Jim Got Started

Texas Jim wasn't always a rich and successful retired man. This is how he started his boating experience. I never owned one of these things and never wanted to. I had a friend who had one and he always scared the hell out of me, I just couldn't get use to the front wheels being behind the seats so I always thought we were going to die.



### Steve's New Muffler

The old water cooled muffler finally gave up the ghost so Steve had a new one made, really fancy stainless steel. This damn Briggs just keeps going, notice the lack of rust and it still always starts instantly.



### Electric Boat a Beauty but...

Bob Hall's electric boat, a beauty and it's for sale. We've tried going electric power and decided we'd rather know how much gas we have left.



### Any Excuse

I was out racing Steve yesterday, any excuse to go out in the boats. Kayak Kathy took this one and it's so good I put on my desktop.



### Good Day for a Beer

Last Sunday we were out for a short boat ride; me, Helen, Crazy Steve and the dogs when Helen spoke up with the sentence all men love to hear... "I think it's a good day to go on down to Tarpon Point for a beer." It's about a six mile trip but there was no hesitation from us. I'm the luckiest man in the world.



### Low Tide

It's hard to go boating when there's no water. The floating dock isn't. Steve can't even come over with tides like this.



**It's Warm Enough for Glassing**  
It's warm enough for Jim to do some glassing.



### Bigger and Smaller Penobscots

I know a guy who had a Penobscot 14 but wanted a bigger, faster boat, and I know a guy with a Penobscot 17 who wanted a smaller, easier boat. It was a match made in heaven and a trade was made. Bob Pitt made this 17 and it's a beautiful build job. Doug's painting it back to more traditional colors.



### Another Beer Cruise

Stan and I were out for a little beer cruise when we came across Steve and his dogs doing the same thing in *Chelsea*. It's hard to keep boat guys off the river. Nice guys that we are, we threw him a line and took um all on board. The dogs love it up in the forward berth. Helen keep saying that she's going to go on board and clean things up but as soon as she's there she wants to go for a ride.





### Up the Smokestack

Lenna was coming home down the beach and saw this tug getting an engine change right off the seawall at Longboat Pass. I never thought of pulling it out the smoke stack.



### Model Tug Video

<<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IX974U57UO4>

### Starting Another Project

Our friend Aussie John is starting another project. The last time he made a cool little sailboat, this time he's going for a motorboat and who can blame him, motors always run but the wind does what it wants. He says this is a 20 footer, we'll keep up with the build. I love how boat building equalizes all men. It doesn't matter if you're a world famous anything else, when it comes to building a boat you don't know shit and it don't take long to realize it.



### More Ice and Snow Please

Capt John sent this one, a great picture of ice and snow. Now I want to see these kind from the rest of you snow guys.



### When the Twist Comes In!

Mereck is building a Wee Lassie out in Sandy's shed. I love it when new guys hit the part where the twist comes in and the strips start to pop.



### A Lot More Organized

Some shots of Sandy's shop, he's a lot more organized than the rest of us, he can actually find things.



### Done by Cedar Key

Crazy Steve says he'll have this catboat done in time for Cedar Key in May, we'll see.



Last time he brought his sailing Wee Lassie, here with a new varnish job, we'll see if he gets the catboat finished.



I acquired an old wooden Bahamian Dinghy in 2005 and began her restoration that winter after sailing her the previous summer. ("Rejuvenation of a Bahamian Dinghy," *MAIB*, Vol 25, No 10, October 2007). Each winter thereafter I made many changes, some more like maintenance, while others were to restore her back to the way she was when built in the 1950s. Because my Bahamian Dinghy has the cutaway transom for the tiller, it is believed to have been built in Man-O'-War Key by William H. Albury for Ted Sikis. All the changes were photographed for eventual publication. However, each spring the effort concentrated more on preparing the boat for summer sailing and I never got around to writing up many of changes.

My shop in Rhode Island was in an old shed with a tin roof supported by 2"x6" timber rafters. They were sufficiently strong to allow me to hoist the boat up with two come a long winches to turn her over for bottom work. However, when we moved to Maine I set up my shop in a more modern two car garage. The rafters were 2"x3"s and I dared not use them to hoist the boat to get it off the travel trailer, let alone turn her over. This and the fact that I am aging a bit, I felt maybe, well, I had found a new home for my *Abaco Breeze*. She would be properly maintained and I might even get to sail her again. But alas, I found that after three years she was virtually abandoned on her travel trailer. Long story short, with the backing of my understanding wife, I brought her back home this fall. This little tale is about a movable cradle built for her so that she can be restored and hopefully I will sail her again.

A few decades ago when I was volunteering at the Boat House at Mystic Seaport, a friend, who is an excellent teacher and boat maintenance person, advised that if I was

## The Return of *Abaco Breeze*

By Ralph G. Eldridge

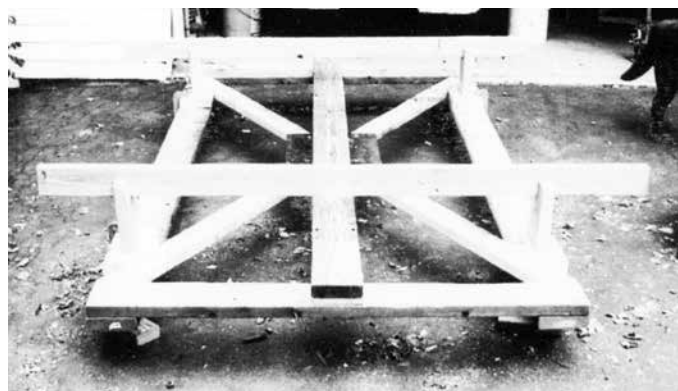
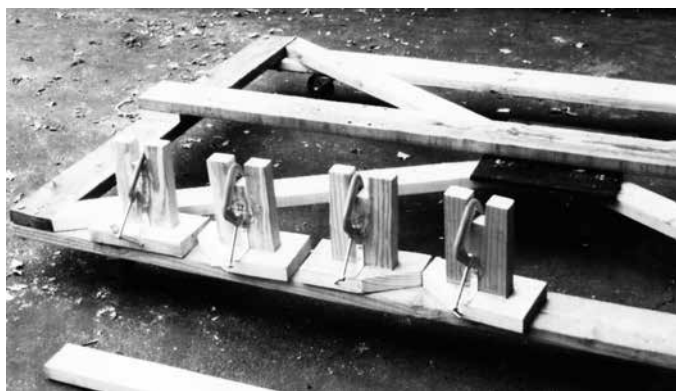
ever to build and/or restore a small boat to make sure to have enough room so the project could be moved. This advice came to mind when I saw the magnitude of the job ahead to bring *Abaco Breeze* back to her former self. The following two criteria dictated the design of the cradle. One was that it be easily movable in the space available in the garage, and the other that it will be low enough so that most of the work on the bottom could be done sitting on a stool. Furthermore, it must be easily modified when the time came to turn the dinghy over for top side work.

The photos illustrate the results. The cradle base (bottom left) was assembled from available new, twice, and even thrice used 2"x6" planks. It is 8' long and 5' wide. These planks are held together with 3/8" carriage bolts. The center plank was added to support the keel when the boat is turned right side up. The four vertical notched stanchions, with clamp hanging, are mounted on short 2"x6" bases. The vertical stanchions are secured to their individual bases with both 2 1/2" screws and Liquid Nails. (Using both screws and glue is sort of like a man who wears both a belt and suspenders to hold his pants up.)

The vertical stanchions hold the two 2"x4" cross members to support the upside down boat (bottom right). Because these stanchions may have to be repositioned along the 8' base of the cradle, or removed when the boat is right side up, they are held in place with the clamps. The whole rig is moveable on 4" caster wheels.

Once the boat is on the mobile cradle, the easiest way of shifting it on the cradle was thought to be with a jack, an old fashioned automobile bumper jack, because of its extended vertical lifting capability. As all of you probably know, automobiles don't have bumpers anymore, at least bumpers that could be used to lift them up. Local automobile parts stores don't sell bumper jacks any more. However, in my search for a bumper jack, I found farm jacks which are much heavier and have a greater range of height.

Six husky lads from the local boat building school lifted *Abaco Breeze* off the travel trailer, flipped her over and placed her, bottom side up, on the mobile cradle. The boat and mobile cradle were easily rolled into the garage. The next step was to get the boat up on the cross members. First I jacked up the boat and placed it on a couple of barrels. Then the boat was jacked up again so the vertical stanchions could be clamped in place and the two cross members inserted. When the boat was lowered, she was supported entirely on the mobile cradle (below) ready for pampering. I was able to make all these adjustments with ease by myself with my new farm jack.



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21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors

Photo by Bill Ling

The boat that I am building, a Michalak Pickup Squared, now has a simpler name. She will be *Pogo*. Remember the cartoon character? This boat without the mast and sail looks very much like the boat used in that cartoon. Anyway, *Pogo* she shall be.

I have made some pine oars also from Jim's plans, while I plan to sail in nice weather I might end up rowing some.

Obtaining some 4oz fiberglass cloth and a fresh gallon of resin, I got to work. The boat is still upside down at this stage so I first checked all the screws to find any that were protruding above the surface. Those I found I backed out and countersunk deeper and re-installed. After mixing a batch of epoxy with some wood flour, which is just sanding dust from the collecting bag on my belt sander, I filled all the dents on the bottom and let it cure overnight. The next day the bottom got a good sanding with my Bosch random orbital sander.

After giving it a good sweeping I rolled out the cloth over the bottom, starting at a point that would reach the top of the bow transom, then the length of the boat and down over the stern transom. I wanted to cover all of this in one operation. Cutting this length I then slid the cloth over to one side and sliced off a wide strip that was surplus. That piece I will save and use to reinforce the foils. I trimmed the cloth at both ends so that it would wrap around the edges of the transoms, then I was ready to mix resin.

I decided to do this job with a 3" roller that I had. I set up and started pumping resin. I like to mix lots of small batches so I used my 6oz measuring cups for that sized batches. Of course, the first batch fills the roller so I always lose half that batch. I did the glassing just like I would do a canoe bottom, only it was much easier do to the flat bottom. Starting in the center and working both ways I lay the resin on with a roller, then with a squeegee, moving the excess toward the ends. I always remember that more resin does not make a boat stronger, only heavier.

Where the edges overhung the sides a little I used the wet roller to press down around the chine logs. At the ends I wet out the transoms and did a little more trimming so the glass overhung the sides of the transoms by 1". I wet out this overlap and pressed it on with the roller.

This job went well, much easier than doing a canoe bottom. When it was cured I trimmed off the surplus and got some help to roll the boat right side up.

I wanted to glass the inside of the cockpit but first wanted to fill any holes like the ones where the temporary form came out. A little filling followed by a little sanding and I was again ready to glass the inside. Cutting a piece of cloth 3" wider and 3" longer than the inside of the cockpit, I smoothed this out in the bottom and trimmed to fit the shape of the cockpit, leaving it so it came up 1" onto the sides and bulkheads.

I screwed up the next step. I had some cheap rollers that I bought at the Dollar Store I was going to use one for this job, but I realized very quickly that it didn't work with epoxy. The roller began to disintegrate before I had a good start. With no other roller handy, I completed this step with a squeegee and a chip brush. It came out pretty good. My Daddy taught me that 1/4" of paint covers a multitude of sins.

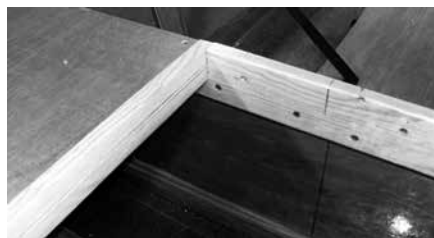
After I surrounded this glass with 3" tape it looked better. I also taped the bottom edges of the bulkheads and transoms inside



By Mississippi Bob

of the float chambers. At this time I primed the inside of the float chambers and the sides of the cockpit with epoxy. Time to put the resin away and do some woodworking.

The boat will have float chambers on both ends, both having hatches. Jim's plans are a little vague on how to build the frames for the hatches. I read the plans again and also that part in his book and I was still confused, so I lay in bed one morning and came up with a plan. I decided to make the ends first. I cut them out of a pine 1"x3", making them about 2" longer than the width of the planned opening. I notched both ends of all four pieces so that I had a place to support the fore and aft pieces. I made these end pieces tall enough so they would end up 1/4" above the finished deck. I screwed and glued them into place on the center lines. The first photo shows how this all went together. The second photo shows a closeup of this after the deck is in place.



I got all the framing assembled and glued together, then cut out the deck parts. The boat has four small deck panels, one on each side of both hatches. I cut them a little oversized, then with my jointer I planed the ends to a perfect fit. At this time I applied epoxy to the bottom sides of all these panels, painting this on with a roller, then with the remaining batch of resin I coated the inside of the float chambers again. The inside of these chambers will be hard to coat after assembly and I wanted the parts well sealed.

After they were cured, I put the panels in place and clamped them temporarily while I drilled pilot holes for the 3/4"x#6 wood screws. Starting with a screw next to

the hatch on each bulkhead, I then measured out an even spacing for all the other screws. I have a large set of dividers that I used to step out the screw positions. A little trial and error and I had a nice screw spacing. All the holes got countersunk and the panels came back off.

I wanted to double check that all the joining surfaces would be fair. I made some small adjustments with the power belt sander and I knocked down some protruding screw heads with a Dremel tool and grinding wheel. I was now ready to screw the decks down for good. I mixed up epoxy and wood flour to thicken it a little and painted it onto the top of the hull parts. I lay the decks in place and screwed them down. A little epoxy mix oozed out all over so I was happy.

Using the same batch of epoxy I coated the bottom side of the fore and aft coaming pieces. They got screwed down with 1 1/2"x#8 screws. That tied both parts together with the deck. The last photo shows the boat at this stage of building. The plan is laying on the cockpit bottom as I was studying my next steps. I need to build the mast step and lee board mounts, a leeboard and rudder assembly, some hatch covers and a bunch of spars. It is early February so I had better get moving as spring is just around the corner.



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While cleaning out the garage, I found three CB antennas. Remember CB? We purchased our first one (\$250) after we spent the night on the St Marks River in sight of the city but unable to contact anyone after we had engine problems, an outgoing tide and no wind for the sails. Over the years we collected a couple of CB radios and a variety of antennas. The three I found were for use with vehicles rather than boats, although the shortest one was sometimes carried as a backup on the boat. The boat's antenna that I have in storage is an 8' whip with a lift and lay style holder.

One antenna has a grip for the vehicle's rain gutter, the second one has a magnetic base for attachment to the vehicle and the third is designed for a bumper mount. Very few contemporary vehicles have a rain gutter over the doors, a lot of them have little metal for the magnet to stick to, and many of today's bumpers would not accommodate a bumper mount.

Since most CB antennas were designed for the vehicle to be the "other half" of the antenna, the mount and grounding of the antenna base was important for good reception and transmission. This "other half" is also known as the Ground Plane of the antenna. If the Ground Plane wasn't adequate or large enough, poor standing wave ratio (SWR) readings and performance resulted. Of course, we could use a special "No Ground Needed" antenna, such as are designed for boats and other non metallic surfaces.

A fellow sailor "solved" the Ground Plane problem on his sailboat by securing a long wire to the base of the antenna and dropping the other end over the side. The water around the boat became the Ground Plane. I used the same idea for the gutter mount antenna that I carried as a "backup" on our boat. The idea of the wire in the water seemed to work quite nicely.

The negative side of a boat's electrical system is as important as the positive side, as both must be working properly for the cur-



rent to flow. I had a problem with the electrical system and went through all the usual checks. One of the recommended items is to clean the battery terminals and the connectors to insure a solid contact between the two. I pulled the negative connector to clean the inside, only to have the connector come apart in my hand. I had found the connection problem! A replacement negative connector and all worked as desired. What was interesting to me was that the connector looked "good" attached to the battery.

Back in the '70s when my wife and I were seriously into small sailboat racing (Fireball and Tornado), we purchased a pair of "Helmsmen I" life jackets from Sears. They were comfortable, provided buoyancy and met our needs. While cleaning out the boat this year, I found that one of the jackets had lost one of the closed foam flotation pads because of failure of the jacket's fabric. Wondering just how long the closed foam would "float," I put the pad in a bucket of water and left it to soak. Hours later there was no absorption into the foam. Of course, the foam pad was not totally immersed in the water and there was no pressure on the pad, but it stayed dry except for the surface. That got me to wondering just how long a closed cell flotation pad would be usable. I started a web search and contacted both the Coast Guard and some foam manufacturers for an answer. Thus far it seems that the foam will be good as long as it is not crushed (decreases the buoyancy).

While cleaning out some old "stuff" I came across a couple of nomograms. One was for calculating speed/distance over time and the other was for calculating the visibility distance for objects of various observations. Most nomograms consists of a set of three scales, one for each variable in an equation. Knowing the values of two variables, the value of the unknown variable can be found, or by fixing the values of some variables, the relationship between the unfixed ones can be studied. The result is obtained by laying a straight edge across the known values on the scales and reading the unknown value from where the ruler crosses the scale for that variable. This approach allows for quick and accurate computations if a pocket calculator's batteries are dead. They are handy tools for mariners from time to time. If you are not happy with the space needed for a nomogram, you can use a circular calculator for the speed/time/distance calculations and a height of eye table (found in the front of most nautical almanacs) for the visibility distance calculations.

Another item I found during my cleaning process was an article from the June 2002 issue of *Boating World* by Chris Caswell that I had saved on "Quick Fixes" for average problems on boats. Among the various ideas he proposed, I am not sure if the idea of connecting nine D cell batteries in series to create a 13.5 volt "starting battery" would really work (who has that many D cell batteries on their boat?), but it is an idea. Also, drying off the intake hose to the engine's cooling system and then wrapping the break with duct tape seems like a workable idea. After all, it is on the suction part of the intake system. I really liked is instructions on how to "hot wire" the engine if the ignition switch fails. Oh, and do not throw away those old paper charts, they make great temporary gaskets, if one is needed, using scissors or a knife to cut it to fit.

## Collision course... nope, just seen through a long lens! Photos by Harvey Petersiel





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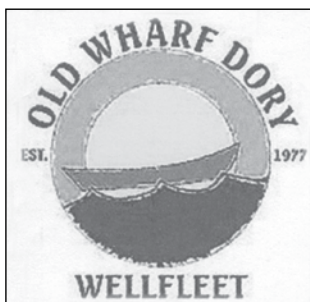
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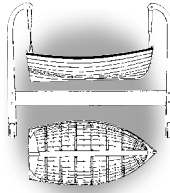
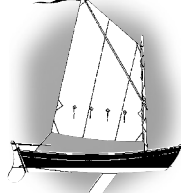
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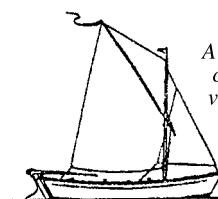


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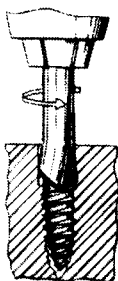
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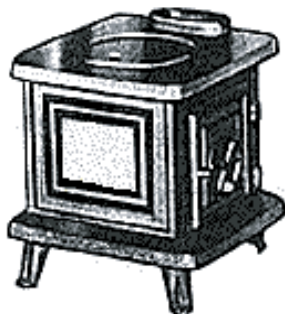
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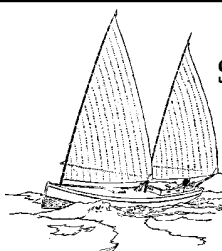
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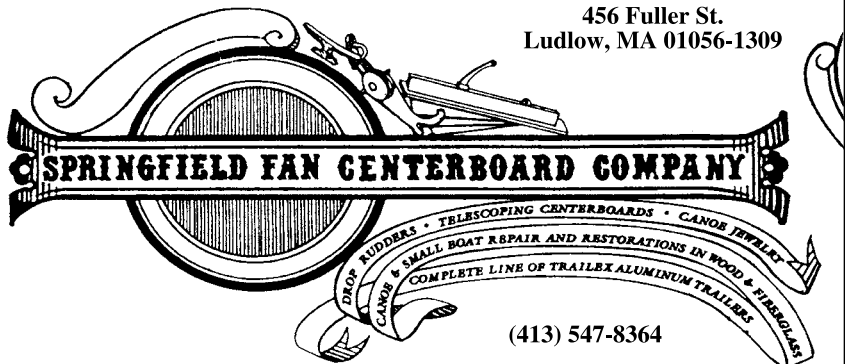
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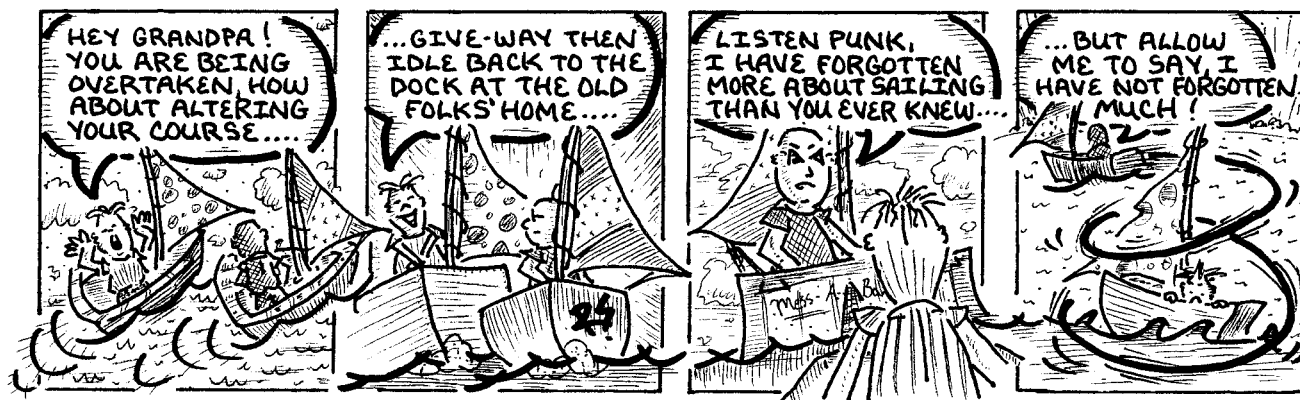
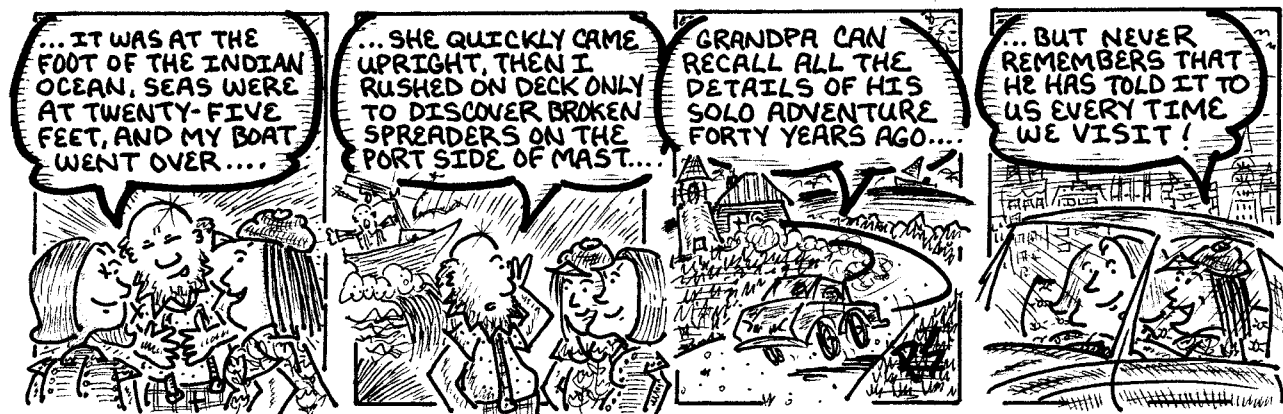
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## ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

Hey, guideboat guys: just thought I'd let you know how things went with my boat.

If you remember, my wife and I came to your Vermont boat yard last spring; test rowed and explored how this boat would handle on wilderness trips. The bottom line is... quite nicely. Your Adirondack boat certainly can handle the gear

for a 7 day trip easily enough with room to spare. It takes much less effort to move it down a lake or a quick water river. The question was ...what would happen in class I or II rapids

It was a wet spring and summer in Maine. The West Branch of the Penobscot is not a particular dangerous river. Mostly class I riffs and quick water. Some standing waves. I was traveling solo. The trick was to paddle like it was a canoe when necessary in rapids or tight spots, shipping the oars, whirling about while kneeling facing forward over the seat (folded down), bracing knees on gear packed along the sides amid-ship. A slightly longer paddle is necessary. Using white water techniques the boat will handle slowly but adequately. Its strength in tracking straight means it won't do an eddy turn without a lot of convincing. It will back paddle nicely allowing time to set up for maneuvers. It was also fun to row facing forward with the current, watching for the one rock in the proverbial One Rock River.



Having made many long distance canoe trips, kayak trips in the past, my feeling is that your guideboat's strengths far out way any weaknesses. I had many a fine trip over local waters with my friends in kayaks as well, and it was easy to travel with them, flying past them when I wanted.

I look forward to many more adventures with my boat in the future. I have attached a couple of photos for your enjoyment. Thank you for having the wisdom and technology to create such a masterful craft.

Alan Berkenwald, MD

### UPCOMING SHOWS

As of this writing, in mid-February, we don't have any shows scheduled for this spring. Which isn't to say that we won't be doing some, we just don't know what they are right now. Our website is usually the best source for info on this.

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